

# SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

A full-page background illustration of a diver in a dark blue or black wetsuit, wearing a white helmet and a large oxygen tank. The diver is holding a small, colorful fish (possibly a clownfish) in their gloved hands. Bubbles are rising from the diver's helmet. The background is a deep blue, murky underwater scene with some coral or rock formations visible.

AUGUST 11, 1958

America's National Sports Weekly

25 CENTS

\$7.50 A YEAR

CLARE BOOTHE LUCE

*and her  
further adventures in*

THE  
HEAVEN  
BELOW



**The true old-style Kentucky bourbon  
always smoother because it's slow-distilled**

There are less costly ways to make bourbon whiskies—but they'll never give you the smoothness you get in Early Times. The extra care and attention of slow distilling... the patient willingness to take twice as long... this is the old-style way, the smoothing way to make whisky. Next time, ask for Early Times.

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**B.F. Goodrich**

# Smileage!

**AUGUST**

## TRUCK TIRE SALE!

**PICK YOUR TIRE — PICK YOUR PRICE!**

B.F. Goodrich builds hundreds of different truck tires. One is right for your trucking job—will give you lowest cost per mile! See your B.F. Goodrich dealer today during his money-saving August Truck Tire Sale. He's listed under Tires in the Yellow Pages of your phone book.

## B.F. Goodrich NYLON

**TRUCK TIRE**

First time at this low price:



**21<sup>95</sup>\***  
6.00-16  
8 ply

*Sales price proportionately low-priced*

B.F. Goodrich nylon cords withstand double the impact of ordinary materials, resist heat blowouts and flex breaks, can often be extended over and over! Now B.F. Goodrich nylon construction is available in the Heavy Duty Express at amazingly low prices. Buy—and save—today!

Credit Terms—Up to 6 months to pay

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**HEAVY DUTY EXPRESS**

Tread as thick as tire built for the heaviest service. Dishes come on new trucks. *From only*

**19<sup>95</sup>\***  
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**MUD-SNOW**

Heads the big slush pull you through mud and snow, give long wear on paved roads. *From only*

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**ALL-PURPOSE**

Ideal for trucks that operate on and off-hazardous. Ragged cords give full traction in dirt roads or streets. *From only*

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The tire that comes on new trucks. Combines longer-wearing road with self-cleaning grip blocks. *From only*

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*\*Flat tax and removable tire.***OTHER SIZES PROPORTIONATELY LOW-PRICED**

*Specify B.F. Goodrich Tubeless or tube-type tires when ordering new trucks or trailers. B.F. Goodrich Tire Co., A Division of The B.F. Goodrich Co., Akron 18, Ohio*

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Cover: Clara Bootho Lane ■

Having pictured herself previously as an underwater novice (SI, Sept. 3, 1957), former Ambassador Clara Bootho Lane, shown on the cover capturing a squirrelfish, begins on page 28 a new account of her advanced adventures in the heavenly underwater world.

Photograph by David Goodson

## Next week



► The rugged young man smiling on his porch is also Floyd Patterson's heavyweight title. See David Brown tell the heroic story of Ray Harris; Martin Kane previews the fight.

► Child's old season is on. In four pages of color, from *ILLUSTRATED* captures the fun and sport found on the broad, wind-swept slopes of the lofty Andes Mountains.

► On the eve of national target shooting competition, a report on the top contender, plus a gallery of the great American rifle, including a unique new American model.

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skin dog from "suppider" 100%.

[illegible]

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## X-RAY

*Richie Ashburn took the lead away from Stan Musial in the NL batting title race.*



SOMEWHERE MEN ARE LAUGHING and little children shout, but not in St. Louis. The slumping Cardinals, having lost 18 of their last 25 games, have fallen from second place to last. If you think St. Louis fans are feeling bad about it, take a second look at Tommy Green (Gusie Busch left) and Manager Fred Hutchinson. They feel a lot worse.

### TEAM PERFORMANCE

[illegible]

### TEAM LEADERS

[illegible]

## HEROES AND GOATS

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

| Particulars                 | Amount | Percentage | Total Rank |
|-----------------------------|--------|------------|------------|
| <b>INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE</b> |        |            |            |
| Wanda, CH (2000)            | 36     | 50         | 10         |
| Thomas, SP (2000)           | 36     | 50         | 117        |
| Wanda, CH (2000)            | 36     | 50         | 229        |
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| Wanda, CH (2000)            | 36     | 50         | 235        |
| <b>AMERICAN LEAGUE</b>      |        |            |            |
| Wanda, CH (2000)            | 36     | 50         | 236        |
| Wanda, CH (2000)            | 36     | 50         | 237        |
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| HR 10      | Canada, 57, 100       | Nguyen, Wash. 20    |
| Parliament | Switzerland, 100, 110 | Scott, Wash. 100    |

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## Jimmy Jemall's HOTBOX

**THE QUESTION:** *Frank Lane says some clubs will be "right and dear to the clubhouse if they persist in paying large bonuses to promising youngsters." Do you agree?*



**TOM YAWKEY**  
Owner  
Boston Red Sox

Lane is wrong. The people paying these bonuses are good baseball men and good businessmen. This is not the road to the clubhouse although there might be a time when earnings may restrict the amounts. There is no short answer to the problem, but the unrestricted draft might help.



**HOY HACKETT**  
General manager  
Philadelphia Phillies

I don't subscribe to the clubhouse angle. Baseball is as highly competitive as any other industry. Every club must make every effort to improve under existing rules. I think that the major leagues will possibly arrive at a satisfactory solution of the bonus in the not too distant future.



**LOU PERINI**  
Owner  
Milwaukee Braves

If we abolish the bonus, it will not be the game back years. I'll vote for the bonus if it ever comes to a vote. I think the bonus is the best lever in baseball. Any team can take a chance on a youngster and pay him a bonus to sign. The result is some of them really click.



**J. C. (BILL) JERMOL**  
President of the  
Carolina League  
Barbers, N.C.

I feel that this big bonus money could be channeled to better advantage. The bonus paid to one player would cover the losses in our league for a full season, as it would in other leagues. In the long run this money, given to us, would develop more players for the major leagues.



**LEE MACPAIL**  
Director of Player  
Personnel  
New York Yankees

I agree with Lane. Some bonus spending has been ridiculous. It's no ridiculous that it has to simmer down after a while for the salvation of some clubs. It is very difficult to spot good first-year players. We make as many mistakes as any other team. Why pay for your mistakes?



**JIM CAMPBELL**  
Business manager  
Detroit Tigers

I agree wholeheartedly, and I am in favor of the unrestricted draft. That move would automatically curb the bonus and channel the bonus money back to the minor leagues, because no large bonus will be paid unless it is certain the player will make the majors within a year.



## The shooter's shopper

**Bull's-eyes without trying may  
be the handgunner's claim with  
a new radical concept in grips**

The backyard mechanics of George Freed, an imaginative young plumber from Pine Brook, N.J., may well have produced the most valuable handgun innovation of the year. Freed has developed a "floating" pistol grip, so simple in design that it can be assembled in less than a minute, but so effective in operation that recoil is virtually eliminated from .33-caliber weapons and substantially diminished in heavier calibers. With much of the kick knocked out, recovery time between shots is reduced and accuracy increased. For plinkers and competitive shooters, this means .33-caliber performance in heavier caliber guns.



**FLOATING PISTOL GRIP**, with one of two outer handgrips removed, consists of two inner plates overlapping either side of gun-handle frame, a leaf spring to cushion recoil and a single assembly bolt. Now just in production, expected cost is \$15.

at the  Edgewater Beach in Chicago



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Month \_\_\_\_\_ Day \_\_\_\_\_ Time \_\_\_\_\_



*1 out of every 10 of your fellow Americans is mentally or emotionally disturbed!*

## Your understanding can help her find herself!

The best medicines known to science can't take the place of your understanding in helping these people. Today, learn more about this vital problem!

You should know these three important facts about emotional and mental disorders.

They can happen to anyone. There's no age limit, no wealth limit, no barriers at all! A mental disorder is just like any other illness. We should deal with it as we deal with other illnesses!

Science has made amazing progress in the diagnosis and treatment of mental and emotional disturbances!

The better you understand these facts, the better equipped you are to control your own everyday emotional upsets. And the more you understand, the more you can help those who need your help so badly.

Today, find out more about this problem that affects 1 out of every 10 Americans. Send for the new free booklet, "How To Deal With Your Tensions." It offers valuable suggestions on how to relieve everyday emotional troubles. And it tells where those who need professional assistance can find it. Write: Better Mental Health, Box 2500, New York 1, New York.



"With all thy getting,  
get understanding."  
(Proverbs, iv, 7)



SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL  
MENTAL HEALTH ASSOCIATION

# COMING EVENTS

August 8 to August 14

- Television
- Radio broadcast
- Record sale
- All times E.P.T.

## Sunday, August 8

- BASEBALL**
- Chicago Cubs vs. St. Louis Cardinals, Chicago, 1:55 p.m. (Mutual).
- BASEBALL**
- Los Angeles vs. Gene Armstrong, 10 p.m., Mad. Sq. Garden, New York, 10 p.m. (NBC).
- BASE**
- Cartoon Club Meeting, New Britain, Mass.
- RECORD RELEASE**
- 4 records, *Argyle Handicap*, \$10,000, 1st prize and w. 7-1, Saratoga Springs, N.Y.
- TV**
- Transit new paper, Hagen, Wilmington, Del.
- RECORDING**
- R.H. Koster, *Myth, Mythology and Drama* (Chandosville, Indianapolis).
- TV**
- Eastern League Game, Chicago, Indiana, 1st & 2nd, Aug. 11 through Aug. 13, 1st & 2nd days.

## Monday, August 9

- BASEBALL**
- Detroit Tigers vs. Chicago White Sox, Detroit, 1:55 p.m. (NBC).
- BASE**
- New York Yankees vs. Boston Red Sox, 1:55 p.m. (Mutual).
- BASEBALL**
- Philadelphia Phillies vs. Boston Red Sox, 1:55 p.m. (NBC).
- BASE**
- Philadelphia Phillies vs. Boston Red Sox, 1:55 p.m. (NBC).
- BASE**
- Philadelphia Phillies vs. Boston Red Sox, 1:55 p.m. (NBC).

## Tuesday, August 10

- BASE**
- Philadelphia Phillies vs. Boston Red Sox, 1:55 p.m. (NBC).
- BASE**
- Philadelphia Phillies vs. Boston Red Sox, 1:55 p.m. (NBC).
- BASE**
- Philadelphia Phillies vs. Boston Red Sox, 1:55 p.m. (NBC).
- BASE**
- Philadelphia Phillies vs. Boston Red Sox, 1:55 p.m. (NBC).

## Wednesday, August 11

- BASEBALL**
- Detroit Tigers vs. Kansas City Athletics, Detroit, 1:55 p.m. (Mutual).
- BASE**
- Chicago Cubs vs. St. Louis Cardinals, Chicago, 1:55 p.m. (NBC).
- BASE**
- Chicago Cubs vs. St. Louis Cardinals, Chicago, 1:55 p.m. (NBC).

## Thursday, August 12

- BASE**
- Chicago Cubs vs. St. Louis Cardinals, Chicago, 1:55 p.m. (NBC).
- BASE**
- Chicago Cubs vs. St. Louis Cardinals, Chicago, 1:55 p.m. (NBC).

## Friday, August 13

- BASE**
- Chicago Cubs vs. St. Louis Cardinals, Chicago, 1:55 p.m. (NBC).

## Saturday, August 14

- BASEBALL**
- Chicago White Sox vs. Kansas City Athletics, Chicago, 1:55 p.m. (Mutual).
- BASE**
- Chicago White Sox vs. Kansas City Athletics, Chicago, 1:55 p.m. (Mutual).



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| Boston to St. Louis         | 85¢                                    | 65¢                    | 20¢                                            |
| Philadelphia to Dallas      | 125¢                                   | 95¢                    | 40¢                                            |

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# SCOREBOARD

A worldwide roundup of the sports information of the week

**TRACK & FIELD** AMERICAN MEN, unflinched by 100-meter split-second defeat of Tom Courtney, Olympic champion and world 100-yard record holder, and world-record performance by Poland's Jozef Chmielek in 2.00-second championship splits, outpointed Polen 115-97 before 145,000 in two-day dual meet at Warsaw. One States' Steve Davis won 100-meter race and 100-meter hurdles, the race double he captured earlier in week in Moscow (58, Aug. 1). U.S. women, on other hand, lost to former world-record holder, 24-22. Tennessee Marie's Willie White broke her American women's record jump record, with 29 feet 2 1/2 inch leap. Los Angeles' Barbara Brown won steeple chase with 1:30.40 best 4 1/2-mile time.

**WALLY KILGORE**, captured an encore in special meet in London, based around run-related track in world record for women's 111-yard run with 16.4 time, seven-tenths faster than record set last year in Sydney by Australia's Penny Berlin.

**INTERNATIONAL MOTOR SPORTS** - BOB PROCTOR, 24, winner of this year's British Grand Prix, went one better, took German Grand Prix at Hirschberg Ring in Varenth. With record speed of 26.8 mph. Brooks, a Glasgow dealer, rocketed over finish line in 2:21.15, three and a half minutes ahead of Racecarap Ray Independent in Cooper for first win by English in 28 years. Proctor's Maurice Trintignant was third in Cooper for clean victory by British race. Race was started in 11th lap when Peter Collins' Ferrari left track. Collins, 27, in third place for world driving championship, suffered fractured skull and brain injuries, died a few hours later at Paris.

**BASEBALL** ST. LOUIS'S present-behind Braves trounced Queens for National League

lead up to midweek, then did rubber-home job on West Coast club with four wins, pulled ahead by five games. St. Louis, daily paced by Stan Musial, who lost batting lead to Phil Rizzuto, Rizzuto, provided comic relief by losing six, failing to score in 32 innings, replacing Walter O'Malley's people in the basement.

**NEW YORK YANKEES**, who took upon Sunday as a day of rest, lost another weekend double-header, barely scored, 1 1/2 games above it all. Boston lost, then repeated underdog place from White Sox. Detroit won six straight, while Baltimore, with a 3-1-1 nothing attitude, lost seven straight.

**WRESTLING** - BOB ARLIN, captured 217-175 in 52, with 1704-208, fourth on list of all-time money winners. 1957's Horse of the Year, was retired to stand by Wheatley Stable's trainer, Sunny Ray Fitzsimmons, because of subtle injury. Four-year-old cut finished out of money only last time in career.

**WORLDWIDE** words of his Lanny Hinesboro Farm horse nation's record. Seven old Thoroughbred after battling by favored Daner in 2:12.87.5 Arlington Fairway, winning by three-quarters of a length, lining his performance with 1180,415 winner's share. The electrical salt run as farthings for Willie Shoemaker in 1:11.2, paid \$8.20.

A CLYDE in first outing at Monmouth fabricated mile and eighth in 1:56.000 (hike, finished length and a half ahead of Rose Maid. The Calumet Farm's outdone favorite was slow but steady 1:52 1/2 mile for Jim and Tullahoma, led from stretch train as in.

**BOATINGS** - ST. LOUIS, veteran manager of the 11-meter team, slipped along under 4- to 12-knot breeze, decisively whipped other America's Cup candidates Humberly, Columbia and Danvers in first leg of New

York Yacht Club's annual cruise. Besides taking class prize in 37-mile New London to Newport cruise, 1-1 was Edward Welsh Cuban Memorial trophy for fastest elapsed time of fleet (5:54:20). Next day rule reversed as 1-1 sailed in last over 20-mile off-shore course, three races over 22 seconds behind winner Columbia.

**ARCHERY** - with a score, 35, of Los Angeles' double off Sunday (fifty and 32nd place) Sunday, nine birds weight and true to old National Field Archery Association's straight 10th night (over a championship at Grayling, Black, Los Angeles, Lake Clark, Min. men induction title with 2:17. Next day Fife won New annual international tournament at Grayling with 207 points, took top trophy of 12,000 J. McClellan of Santa Ana, Calif., won NFAA women's championship with 2:13 points. Ann Manning, no right, Wynne Gille, Mark, Bremish title. Ann Kirby, Barbara, N.J., scored in national freestyle, first day won first annual and 1956 prize with 102 points.

**SWIMMING** - AMATEUR ATHLETE UNION cracked water gates for international world records at Taipei's senior women's outdoor swimming championships. Vera von Selts (21, July 11) set new mark in 200-meter contest with 2:31.1 time, reducing 2:38.3 set by L. de Sila of the Netherlands. Earlier same day the 14-year-old California star beat out U.S. record for 100-meter freestyle with time of 1:36.3, established herself as latest American girl swimmer ever. Sylvia Rasmussen, 18, youngest member of 1956 U.S. Olympic team, won 400-meter individual medley in 5:42.7, set best world standard, and Seattle's Nancy Hunny captured 100-meter butterfly, over, and won 1:30.

**MURRAY ROSE**, Australian Olympic gold medal holder, broke world records for 100-yard and 200-yard freestyle with single 1:13.5 time in Culter City, Calif., beating Australia's Jan Koster's mark of 1:14.3 established earlier this year at Melbourne championships.

## focus on the deed . . .



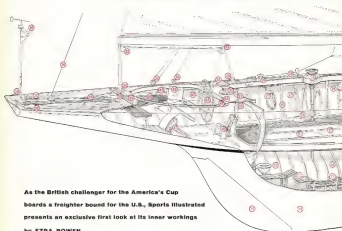
**SLIGHT OF HAND** and being on edge, some of the 1,000 Detroit children lined out for Metropolitan Youth Fitness Day assembly in relay race, later did their competitive best in dashes, hurdles and hops.



**SLIGHT OF HAND** and ample good looks are supplied by 10,000 German gymnasts turned out for exercises in Munich festival, as they juggle as many balls for precisely patterned sports-before-their-eyes.



# INSIDE 'SCEPTRE':



**As the British challenger for the America's Cup boards a freighter bound for the U.S., Sports Illustrated presents an exclusive first look at its inner workings**  
**by EZRA BOWEN**

**E**VER SINCE the public got its first peek at Sceptre's hull abaldring inside a well-guarded shed in Scotland last February, the British challenger for the America's Cup has been the most talked-about boat in the world. Before she was launched, batteries of photographers and reporters fought, with varying success, to get photographs of her lines and facts on her deck plan and hull construction. After the launching, her every move became a matter of international interest, and sometimes controversy. When, for example, in early summer, she began taking regular drubbings from her trial horse *Endeavor*, British yachtsmen shouted their alarm. Had the British syndicate built a very expensive lemon? was the question everyone asked.

Shortly thereafter there were some drastic crew changes; and in her last

few workouts just before she boarded a freighter August 2 bound for the U.S., Englishmen noted to their satisfaction that now she was consistently ticking *Endeavor*.

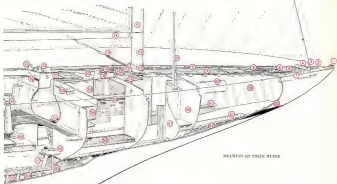
In spite of all the sound, fury and speculation, very little was actually known about the boat. Only one American, Yachtsman-Author Carlton Mitchell, had ever sailed aboard Sceptre (31, June 2), and he was sworn to secrecy about certain details the English crew wanted to keep from the defenders. Now, however, as the vessel bearing Sceptre draws near U.S. shores, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** reveals, in this exclusive closeup authorized by the men who created the challenger, the minute details of her hull and deck arrangement.

Note the ingenious crotch deck built into the very keel of the vessel, containing the head, galley, water

tanks and wash basin so that she conforms to the 12-meter rule requiring the boat to carry all basic cruising facilities. The tremendous cockpit, with specially designed coffee-grinder winches mounted on the cockpit floor, enables the crew to handle the working sails without risking the uncertainty of the narrow 12-meter deck, as the U.S. crews must do. But the big cockpit also demands a splash-board and high-capacity pump for the water that sweeps in over the bow in heavy windward work. Note also the wind gauge mounted astern, the faired hatch in the foredeck for quick sail handling and the toerails that double as spinnaker longstay leads. Study these details, examine Sceptre from stern to stern, and you will know as much about the layout of the British challenger as anyone in America.

1000

# EXCLUSIVE LOOK



DRAWINGS BY COLIN BRIDGES

- 1 Stanhead Biting
- 2 Spinnaker halyard
- 3 Forestay, hantackle below deck
- 4 Spinnaker-boom rest
- 5 Hallow beam, spinnaker foreguy inside
- 6 Flaring hollyard
- 7 Spinnaker staystail toft eyelets
- 8 Forward hatch, rounded for sail handling
- 9 Deck, bare pine over plywood backing
- 10 Shrouds, steel rod to reduce stretch
- 11 Built-up hollow aluminum mast
- 12 Cleat for spinnaker-boom topping-off
- 13 Surge halyard cleat
- 14 Hollow spruce boom
- 15 Rigging strap
- 16 Main halyard cleat
- 17 Spare jib halyard cleat
- 18 Halyard fairleads
- 19 Skylights
- 20 Splinterboard
- 21 Main companionway hatch
- 22 Spare winch (jib halyard winch to starboard)

- 23 Spinnaker halyard winch (main halyard winch to starboard)
- 24 Coffee grinder winches, drive mechanism below decks
- 25 Part coffee-grinder winch drive for jib sheets and spinnaker sheets and guys
- 26 Two-speed gear change for part coffee-grinder
- 27 Sheet storage
- 28 Jib sheet lead track
- 29 Small winch for spinnaker sheets and guys
- 30 Running-backstay winch
- 31 Mainmast rest
- 32 Mainmast blocks
- 33 Port running backstay sheaves
- 34 Boom swivel socket
- 35 Mainmast transfer with fair adjustment
- 36 Permanent backstay and backstay tackle
- 37 After masthead cleat
- 38 Spinnaker sheet and guy lead blocks
- 39 Wind gauge
- 40 Navigator's cockpit
- 41 Fast-operated inclinometer (indicates angle of heel)
- 42 Chart table
- 43 Helmsman's cockpit
- 44 Plastic wheel
- 45 Steering compass
- 46 Fast-operated speed indicator
- 47 Steering quadrant
- 48 Fast-operating mechanism
- 49 Heavy-duty bilge pump

- 50 Main cockpit
- 51 Cockpit hatches for access to cockpit deck
- 52 Cockpit lockers for shackles, tools, etc.
- 53 Main cabin
- 54 Main cabin lockers
- 55 Settee berth
- 56 Berth, lockers below
- 57 Cabin locker
- 58 Hanging locker, pullout seat below
- 59 Forecabin, for sail handling, storage
- 60 Port pipe berth (two starboard pipe berths not shown)
- 61 Forecabin seats, gear lockers under
- 62 Alternate fuel and lubricated oil tanks
- 63 1 1/2" mahogany skis
- 64 Orlop deck
- 65 Partial halfhead
- 66 Wash basin
- 67 Orlop deck companionway
- 68 Galley, with two-burner gas stove
- 69 Gas bottom
- 70 Water tanks, 75.5-gallon capacity
- 71 Anchor
- 72 Access hatch to bilge pump filter
- 73 Light alley head
- 74 Keel
- 75 Rudder

# ALL-TIME

**Never in the history of track has an athlete performed so well as Peter Johnson in Moscow**

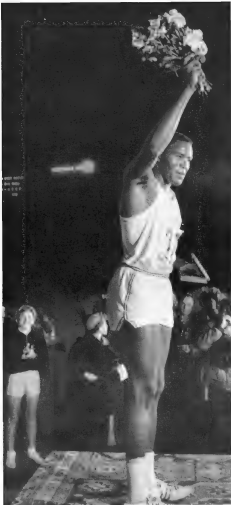
by **TEX MAULE**

**P**ETER LEWIS JOHNSON, a tall, slightly stooped man with a magnificent torso and oddly thin calves, is the finest all-round athlete in the history of mankind. He proved his claim to so recording a title during two days in Moscow last week when he beat the Russian decathlon champion and unofficial world record holder, Vasily Kuznetsov, and established a new world record in the process.

From the day the U.S. athletes arrived at the Moscow airport until a week later, when he stood with an impressive dignity and the strong look of pride on his face and held one hand high in the Moscow night to accept the cheers of the Russian crowd after his victory (10/5), Johnson was a dedicated man. He went through the week of practice in Moscow with an air of detachment because his concentration was so intense. "He worked harder than any of the other boys," Head Coach George Eastment said. "He told us he was going to win. He is truly the world's greatest athlete."

Johnson's intensity was reflected in his behavior during the competition itself. Between events he lay still on the grass beside the red crushed-brick track, his face immobile and withdrawn, and he answered questions briefly, begrudging the relaxation of conversation necessary for conversation. After the first day's five events, he climbed wearily to the top of the Lenin Stadium to speak on the NBC Radio Moscow program and sat with head hanging and legs asprawl waiting in the scorching-hot

**A BOY WORSHIPS:** Russian kid gazes at Johnson like any American youngster.





# BEST ALL-ROUND MAN

small radio booth. He soaked up rest as he sat, and when he had spoken the few trite phrases which expressed his pleasure at competing against the Russians, he walked back down to the waiting bus, moving as carefully and slowly as if he were ill, so that he would not waste any of the energy he spent so prodigally the next day.

Johnson finished the first five events 119 points ahead of Kuznetsov and well ahead of the Russian's pace when he set the unofficial world record of 8,414 points. Ruler came to the final event of the first day 19 points behind, and as he and the other three entrants in the decathlon lined up for the start of the 400-meter run, he looked tired. So did Kuznetsov. But Johnson, whose long legs appear odd because the heavily muscled thighs don't match the slim calves and race-horse ankles, flashed away to a quick lead, running very strongly, with a longer stride than the Russian. He built the lead down the backstretch, then, coming through the final turn as rain began to pelt gently on the track, he dove himself needlessly to the tape, 18 yards ahead of Kuznetsov but not relaxing because he knew he needed all the points he could get in the first day's competition.

He ran 48.2 against Kuznetsov's 49.6 and gained 119 points on the Russian; more important, he won a tremendous psychological edge for the second day's five events.

The five events which comprise the second half of decathlon competition are the 110-meter high hurdles, the discus, the pole vault, the javelin and the 1,500-meter run. In three of these—the discus, javelin and pole vault—Kuznetsov is very strong. Johnson won the discus by a little over 6 feet, stayed within 2 inches of Kuznetsov in the pole vault and then threw the javelin 218 feet 1½ inches to Kuznetsov's sub-par 214 feet 4¼ inches, breaking the world decathlon record with an event still to go and bringing the spectators roaring to their feet in unaffected

admiration of one of the epic single efforts in the history of track.

Success and acclaim are no strangers to Johnson. Born in Dallas, he was raised in the San Joaquin Valley in California, near the home town of decathlon champion Bob Mathias. His father, Lewis Johnson, recalls, "He was awful good at running and throwing. Just his movements made you know he was good at them."

He was president of the student body in elementary school, high school and at UCLA, where he is a pre-dental student. He won the Pan-American Games decathlon championship in 1956, placed second in the Olympics. A knee operation kept him out of competition much of 1957. In June of 1958 Johnson had set the world decathlon record, which Kuznetsov broke recently, but the knee kept him below his best until the two days in Moscow last week.

"It must be getting stronger," Johnson said after his world record. "It bothered me less today than at any time since the operation."

In repose, Johnson's face is somber, nearly sad. He reflects the intelligence which has made him a near straight-A student in the replies he

gives, after consideration, to questions. Once, asked why he thought Negroes excelled at track, he said, "I don't think we are any better. I believe—and I've read this, so others must think the same—we perhaps have some things closed to us, like golf and like baseball was. Track has been open for a long time and I think anybody does well where he has an opportunity."

Few people have done as well with opportunity as Johnson. Besides his capacity for almost total concentration and, therefore, total effort, Johnson adds the quick perception and grasp which make him an exceptional student to the technique which makes a great decathlon star. His high school coach, Muri Dodson, says, "You never have to worry about him. Anything you tell him, he'll do. You tell him once and that's all it takes."

Maybe the Russians had the last word in evaluating Johnson's performance at Moscow. In *Truth*, which, like all Soviet newspapers, reported the meet very objectively throughout, the account of Johnson's victory ended with, "This will dignify the history of world athletic records for a long time to come."

END

JOHNSON VS. THE EX-CHAMPIONS

| Event           | Johnson<br>1958 | Kuznetsov<br>1958 | Mathias<br>1952 | Thorge<br>1952 |
|-----------------|-----------------|-------------------|-----------------|----------------|
| 100-meter dash  | 16.6            | 16.8              | 16.5            | 14.2           |
| Broad jump      | 27'6½"          | 26'6½"            | 27'10½"         | 25'2½"         |
| Shotput         | 45'2½"          | 45'7½"            | 50'2½"          | 42'5½"         |
| High jump       | 5'9½"           | 5'7½"             | 5'7½"           | 5'1½"          |
| 400-meter run   | 48.2            | 49.6              | 50.2            | 52.2           |
| 110m. hurdles   | 14.5            | 15.1              | 14.7            | 15.6           |
| Discus          | 168'11½"        | 154'9½"           | 152'10"         | 121'3½"        |
| Pole vault      | 12'10½"         | 12'1½"            | 12'10½"         | 10'7½"         |
| Javelin         | 218'1½"         | 214'8½"           | 194'3½"         | 149'11½"       |
| 1,500-meter run | 5:45.5          | 5:49.0            | 4:59.5          | 4:49.1         |

IN THE GREATEST decathlon performance in history, Ruler Johnson bettered the immortal Thorge in eight of 10 events, Mathias in six of 10, Kuznetsov in six of 10.

## WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT





**A SOLITARY ANGLER**, caught by the camera shrouded in misting mists on a rocky promontory off Montauk Point, N.Y., finds his own challenges and his own triumphs in the lonely sport he loves best. Like that of millionaires, alone or in company, find the fullest measure of themselves in the outdoors, his preoccupation isn't but one of . . .

## THE MANY MOODS OF SUMMER



**ANTICIPATION OF TRIUMPH** lights the faces of teen-age tennis players Jacqueline Tugwell, Sally Moore, Mary Ann Mitchell, Gwen McHaffey, Sandra Louder, Patricia Shaffer and Gwyn Thomas as the Junior Wightman captains withcompleting Captain Marilyn McKee left, center, have camera—and the future—with charm and confidence.



**A FUNDRAISER GLOOM** pervades the golf course at France's sunny Deauville in still another aspect of summer's shimmering moods. Nobody has died; the *Magnifique* has not yet fallen. It is only that one tournament golfer lost his ball, and the French gallery, reacting to their hero's every thought, decided as one man to help him locate the elusive pellet.

**WONDERFUL WORLD** continued

**A SUPPLE SUN DANCE** by Gyrocast. Mariel Davis is an added rite in the endless ritual of summer as Minneapolis kids join in a festival of physical fitness.



**A WETTY RIDE** is underway past young Virginia Coffey, almost overboard as she

**WIND AND WAVE** are the constant, sometimes exasperating, companions of these waterborne youngsters from North Carolina's Outer Banks.

Craft, where the ribs of Pamblico Sound and the Atlantic help teach youngsters the ways of a ship in the midst of the sea.





pleats for 12-foot Koochbird to near victory in regatta off Newport Harbor, California.

SENSELESS CONTEMPLATION gives way to the competitive spirit as two Chaldean Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis respond to summer's urge.



COOL CAT Tommy Goodwin, runner-up in the Westchester golf tournament, sets summery style in plaidie necktie and sneakers.



A CUBAN BOOZERS with mineral water cools the hot head of Queen Elizabeth's Edinburgh between children of July golf.





**BEWILDERED BUNNIES** wait for the start of the donkey derby while Nashville's prominent Barker Wilbur D. Hall requests the driver's seat for the donkey derby's "Le Mans" start.



**LOUISVILLE LEADER** and Amateur Jack Ned Bonnie proved his skill on long- and short-eared steeds in formal steeplechase and informal donkey race alike.



**TOILET-BEAT TROPHY**, emblem of victory in the donkey stakes, is presented to winning jockey Hall by shapely Barbara van Hagen and A. D. Plamondon III.

**WONDERFUL WORLD** continued

## HORSY SET

Once each year the horsey set of what Publisher Bertie McCormick used to call Chicago's elite forget their dignity and their dividends long enough to gambol and gamble through a day-long gynecology of equestrian edification that includes everything from a hearty breakfast at the swank Ambassador East Hotel to a donkey derby in the fashionable local suburbs. The occasion is the annual running of the \$4,000 Hurdle Stakes for 4-year-olds and up at Arlington Park race track, but the race itself is only an incident.

Caught here by the camera are the various and variegated aspects of a

**A ROCKET IN THE BUNNIE** from Broker Ronald Woodard puts Mrs. Bill Hall safely aboard an ancient buggy after Pump Room breakfast.



## HIGHJINKS

day of play that began the evening before as the gentry labored to equip the Arlington track's flat course with steepchase hurdles in a reasonable facsimile of Aldres. A fleet of elegant horse-drawn rigs and turnouts was on hand next morning to carry the Midwesterners and their guests to breakfast at the Ambassador's Parlor Room. Then it was on to Arlington for luncheon, the race and a fashion show. Last, but far from least, there was a buffet supper at Oak Knoll, the vast 150-acre home of the S. L. Reinhardt in Barrington and, of course, a donkey race in funny costumes.

Photographs by Lee Robinson

A NEARBY HELPING HAND from retired Indiana Steel Executive A. D. Flanagan Jr. insures his wife's success in a long step up.



**FLYING FENCES** take the members of the Midwest Hunt Racing Association busy far into the night at the Arlington Park track before the big hurdle race.



**TUMBLE-TICKLING** third hurdle in the stakes race slows down Investment Banker Bill Hall's Gracie Kid whose professional jockey failed to finish in money.



**SENTIMENTAL SALUTE** from Mrs. Preston Madden in the reward of Gentleman Jack Crossley Smith, a Princeton student, for riding Hal Market to victory.

# EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

*Bob Richards, Observer*

Among the spectators at the Russian-American dual track meet in Moscow was Parson Bob Richards, the pole vaulter, present in his new role as director of the Wheaties physical fitness campaign. His program, run in conjunction with the U.S. Junior Chamber of Commerce, is designed to lead millions of American children into sport by means of running, jumping, baseball throwing, bicycle racing, wrestling—all manner of natural and primitive games that children play anyway—until they graduate to track or baseball or whatever organized sport they like.

Russian peasants have no Wheaties for breakfast. They eat kasha, which is barley porridge, and by the time they grow old enough to participate in the mass sports program they have hardly any breakfast at all, merely a cup of tea, and babichki, a sort of bagel. All credit for Soviet athletic triumphs consequently goes to the vast state-sponsored program, to the 38-billion-ruble sport-and-public-health budget, the 300,000 "voluntary" sports associations with 19 million dues-paying members.

Parson Richards, who once taught sociology at the University of Illinois, believes a nation's physical condition is related to its whole outlook on the world. A man who is run-down, harried and fatigued is more apt to suspect his neighbors and to imagine deep plots and conspiracies than one in good health. A nation whose citizens are in good health should have a balanced perspective as well—"There is a relation," says the clergyman earnestly, "between our physical fitness and our total fitness, our mental state and our whole perspective on life."

From this point of view, the findings of his Russian trip were mixed. There is an obvious contradiction between Soviet claims of the general well-being of Russians and the hysteria of Soviet foreign policy. Richards had been invited to Russia seven times in the past, to what he believed were propaganda meets, but this time he barely got in, his visa limited to

30 days and his research confined to a hurried glimpse at Moscow's mass sport facilities. Plainly Russia's enhanced physical well-being hasn't changed the old morose state of mind that existed before the 1,500 stadiums were built.

On the other hand, he says, "Russia certainly does have mass participation in sports." The Children's

**news item:** Willie Hackett was lost the jockey championship in 1958.



*"Even the horse jockeys can't save him this year."*



Stadium holds the Lenin Stadium was jammed with small, hook-eating basketball stars. Near the Dynamo Club 75 girls were practicing broad jumps. "Think of it!" he says. "I doubt if there are 75 girl broad jumpers in the United States." There are 3,000 women athletes in Russia for every one in the United States, but he predicts the American women will easily win the next dual meet because of the challenge this one presented. "We can do better under our own system. . . . But we have got to find ways of stimulating our existing program. And we must have summer programs to take up the slack when schools close and all youthful sports activity slumps."

## Stiffoomship

**YVES BURLINSON**, Duffy Daugherty and Bowden Wyatt, looking like a trio of muscular Senators, appeared last week before Senator Kefauver's subcommittee on monopoly to speak against the bill exempting professional sport from the restrictions of the antitrust laws. Their reason: the unfairness of the professionals' draft of football players, who (unlike baseball players being signed for the first time) have no freedom of choice. The Senators went into private session, decided to table the bill—which kills it.

## Go, Little Glowworm!

**THE** only professional firefly-catchers in the U.S., and maybe in the whole world, are a hundred or so Baltimoreans who work during hours—when they feel like working—run from suppers to sunset on warm summer evenings. The kids are employed on a piecework basis by the businesslike McCallum-Pratt Research Institute of Johns Hopkins University, which needs live fireflies for research into certain biological processes. Last year it used half a million of them.

The institute pays \$10 a hundred to small-time operators and \$10 per gram (no dead ones, now!) to subcontractors who deal in bulk. For six hours a day, in season, a graduate student maintains a collecting station

## They Said It

**SENATOR EYER NEFAUVER**, commenting on the ineptness of *Michigan State's* Coach Duffy Daugherty, latest of the sports figures to lighten a senatorial investigation: "I hope you have a great season, Coach Daugherty. You have caused more excitement here than Mr. Casey Stengel."

**TATSURO MIHA**, representing Toeiwa newspaper *Mainichi*, which signed up the *St. Louis Cardinals* for a postseason tour of Japan: "I told Stan [Musial] he would teach Japanese baseball. All Japanese will try to copy his stance and never hit the ball again."

**PAUL ANDERSON**, former world's champion weight lifter, now a 255-pound wrestler with ambitions to fight Heavyweight Champion Floyd Patterson: "If I get the chance to fight Patterson, I'll do it from a squatting position—like I wrestle. He could hit me in the body all day and not hurt me. In the clinch, I'd use my body weight."

on the Johns Hopkins campus where he does the counting, weighing and paying. He also keeps records, because at the end of the season the child who has brought in the most gets a \$10 prize.

The arrangement pleases both the institute and the kids. It is the parents who are apt to find the going tough. The children catch the fireflies in nets supplied by the institute, and of course the best place to transfer a netful of bugs to a bottle is in the house. More than one father has sacrificed half a night's sleep to the sheer fascination of watching a few escaped fireflies crawl about, flashing busily, on his bedroom walls. They can't be swatted, of course, because maybe tomorrow they can be caught and sold.

A firefly, oddly enough, will live for a week if you keep him in the refrigerator. This is fine for the catchers, who otherwise would have to make daily deliveries to the campus. But their mothers often have to fight down a light touch of nausea on finding a jarful of drowsy lightning bugs right next to the whipping cream.

The only remaining hazard is having to catch the bugs for your child if he turns out to have poor luck himself. This emergency usually occurs when some neighborhood 13-year-old recruits a labor force in the 6-to-10 age bracket and pays them off in Popsicle halves. (He then sells the bugs to the institute at a generous profit and also gets credit toward the season prize.) The older kids go racing

around in the dark, setting fireflies at a great rate. Then the younger kids set up a bowl because they didn't catch enough bugs and everybody gets a Popsicle except them. It is here, of course, that Daddy must take



over; and over the years many a winded father has won his Popsicle on the playing fields of Baltimore.

This year's prices represent a substantial advance of 20 per gram and 50 a hundred over last year's. The institute boosted the rates voluntarily, hoping to avoid labor troubles. At the peak of the 1957 season several of the top operators, offended by the rumor that they raised RB shot with their fireflies to increase revenues, called a strike and picketed the Johns Hopkins campus.

## Family Football

**THE** ENTREPRENEURS of college football are content, for the most part, to let the game sell its own tickets without benefit of backroomism. "Sivach vs. Rogers, Saturday, 2:30 p.m." is about as far as they feel they have to go to draw a crowd.

Lately, however, the difficulties

*continued*

## EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

beating the Pacific Coast Conference and the encroachment of the pros have left many a West Coast stadium seat vacant on Saturday afternoons. What to do? In California, the answer is omnipresent: call in a press agent. Result: a four-color blurb just released to Stanford alumni which makes an afternoon at the game sound like a whole cozy week for the family on a de luxe cruise to Nassau.

"The perfect setting for pleasant fall afternoons," croons the Stanford glories. "Family atmosphere ideal . . . wonderful eating and shopping establishments adjoining the campus . . . easily accessible by plane, train or car. You will be enjoying exciting football games played by the colorful Stanford Indians and most of the top teams in the nation and, while thrilling to the play, you will find many added attractions to make your day a satisfying experience. . . . Come and watch the Big Red meet the best."

(For news of a sport which has been forced to bar the kiddies of the family, see page 28).

### The Promoter

**A** SUBURBAN SPRINGFIELD, William College, Yale Law, a commission in the Navy, a passion for tennis and a taste for Ivy League charcoal suits—no matter how you figure it, this is not the classic background for a light promoter. It is, nevertheless—the beardliness of the bunch at Stillman's Gym is the contrary notwithstanding—the precise background of one William Paul Rosenzahn, former vice-president of TelePrompter Corp. and presently mastermind of the upcoming world title bout between Heavyweight Champion Floyd Patterson and Roy Harris, the pride of Cut and Shoot.

Lean, blue-eyed Rosenzahn, who was obviously born to serve Madison Avenue and not the prize ring, explains the discrepancy in these words: "I've been a sports nut as long as I can remember. You name the sport and I'm a fan." By way of proving the case, Bill cites a time when, at Uncle Sam's behest, he was teaching

navigational mathematics at New York University. "What I was doing on the side," he says, "was handicapping the horses."

Pleased at his own astuteness in forecasting race results, Bill decided to market his foresight under the slogan "Win with Willie." Picking some likely winners, he had some handbills printed up and passed them out free to establish his reputation. "It was a wonderful day," he remembers. "I had four winners and two places with good prices. I felt that I was now an established tipster and made plans to sell my selections." Next day, armed with a batch of new handbills, the future promoter marched out to the track only to find four enterprising merchants already cashing in on his new reputation with their own "Win with Willie" tip sheets.

That ended Bill Rosenzahn's career as a tipster. Since then he has discovered a host of ways to make money out of sports, mostly through television. But the old skill at the track has not deserted him. One of the first things Bill did when Contender Roy Harris came to Los Angeles was to take the wide-eyed Texan out to Hollywood Park to try his luck on the ponies. A knowledgeable amateur bet urged the boy from Cut and Shoot to put a bunch bet on Texas Mol in the first race, but Rosenzahn counseled with the quiet suggestion that he and Roy share a

\$2 ticket on Blue Ray. It paid \$6.10.

A few minutes later Jockey Willie Shoemaker, another Texan, strolled up to meet Roy and share his confidence in his own mount, Equi Host. Bill Rosenzahn waited politely until The Shoe went away, then equally politely urged Roy to parlay their \$6.10 on a horse named Ancient Pistol. It paid \$14.90. Total take at this point: \$45.00.

"How long," asked Roy, "can a person keep up these parlays?"

"Oh," said the lean young fight promoter, "you can go on and on."

"Let's go," said Harris.

And so they did. On the third race it was Fleet Blue at \$7.10 (total: \$169.10). In the fourth they went conservative, indulged in a small bit of profit-taking and put \$30 to win and \$50 to place on Kid Robin. He came in by a nose, paying a mere \$4.40 and \$3.20. By now the team winnings stood at \$241.60 for the original \$2 investment. "We have the winning habit," said Roy Harris. "We can't lose."

"There was only one thing to do then," said Bill Rosenzahn, a man whose business acumen more than matches his passion for sports, "and that was—get him out of there."

### Up Cut and Shoot

**L**AST WEEK, when you could still send a letter for 3¢, the town of Cut and Shoot, Texas (pop. 184) was receiving its mail through the post office at Conroe, five miles away. The name of Roy Harris (see above) has changed all that.

Postmaster Gary Williams of Conroe has announced that Cut and Shoot soon will have a post office all its own. It will be located in the corner of a grocery store building.

"There will be a cancellation machine with the name Cut and Shoot," said Mr. Williams, "and that should satisfy many people who have been disappointed because they couldn't get the postmark on their letters."

Mr. Williams had just one bit of advice for patrons of the nation's newest post office: put 4¢ stamps on letters, please.



### Quid Quo, Old Pro?

Tagged out of second was a kid, A scuffle rash and cucky. The hidden ball was in the quid Of Bascom Bridge, Becky.

—JOHN STUART MARTIN

The year's biggest selling convertible... the luxurious Chevrolet Impala!



**SERENITY. . . BY DESIGN!** *A car is more than just the sum of good engineering. Here, in the new **CHEVROLET**, superlative design has created a new dimension . . . a harmony of behavior, a serene personality that glorifies every mile you travel.*

Chevrolet design merely begins with the marvellous ingenuity of Full Coil suspension, the advanced power of Turbo-Thrust V8's,\* the low-slung belt of Safety-Girdler frame. For these are just building blocks—the rest is endless hours of testing, perfecting, refining.

This devotion to balance in design is one of the major reasons why Chevrolet has been the most successful car the world has ever seen. It is the real reason behind the solid satisfaction of Body by Fisher—the day-after-day pleasure of doors that close with a smooth “click,” the thorough sound-proofing that blots up tiring

vibration, the enduring elegance of fabrics that last and last.

It is the reason why Chevrolet's roadability is world-famous, why its balance and stability leave you so remarkably refreshed after a long day's journey. This emphasis on perfection is also the basic reason why Chevrolet's engines purr out such silem power, so thrifflly and far so many thousand miles.

These thousands of details all add up to one big thing: a serenity of motion, a balance of design that is unduplicated. Why not experience that, this week? . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Mich.



\*Optional at extra cost.





NEWSPAPER AD FOR A TV HORROR



A BRISTOL RECORD JACKET

A RECORD ALBUM'S COVER

## BUT DON'T GO NEAR THE RACES!

**L**AST WEEK, being the week in which alert guardians of public morality succeeded in barring children from witnessing Thoroughbred racing in New York State, seemed to be a good time to look around at some other influences from which the kiddies are not being protected presently. It was not necessary to look far. The catch-alls on this page are to be found on the home television screen, the book shelves of the corner drugstore, the neighborhood record shop and movie theaters.

But first, as the television announcer says before the gunplay of the Western or the screams of the horror movie begin, a word from the sponsors of the resolution that led Governor Averell Harriman to "suggest" that the New York Racing Association think twice about permitting entire families, kids and all, to come to the races. The resolution, introduced by New York City Council President Abe Stark, cited the "danger that gambling syndicates might be organized to victimize school children who witness betting

at the track. . . ." (P.S. This is the same Abe Stark who once had to explain away the fact that he had been renting the left over his Brooklyn clothing store to a notorious bookie for 21 years.)

By this same censoring, it is not difficult to imagine that one of these days the small fry who are witnessing television violence will suddenly rush from their homes and begin shooting up the neighborhood with real guns instead of the realistic-looking toys they now pack.

A ridiculous idea, the television people would say, and in this view they would certainly be joined by Hollywood. In Hollywood, the problem has been how to titillate an alleged appetite for violence of movie patrons who get so much of it through television for free. The solution has been found: make Westerns with a new gimmick. In other words, combine the Western technique with the horror technique and produce the horrible Western.

One such enterprise is ready for national release. It is called *The Fiend*

*Who Walked the West*. Actually, this is a Western remake of an old gangster film, *Kiss of Death*, which starred Richard Widmark.

According to the show business paper *Variety*, *Kiss of Death* has been gimmicked up in the following manner:

"Film stars [Robert] Evans as the Killer. Where in *Kiss of Death* Widmark kicked the old lady in the wheelchair down a flight of stairs, in this one he shoots an arrow into her, all very vivid and in closeup. There are also some brutal beatings, a rape, etc."

When this film was previewed for the sales staff of the producing company, 20th Century-Fox, the reaction was so enthusiastic that, *Variety* says, "plans for its release were completely revamped to give it more prominent handling."

And so, in the state of New York, the kids have been saved from a day at the races with the family (and in the open air, yet) and left with leisure time for the gimmicky of bigger and better deeds.

# WORKS OF LEAFY ART

**L**EAVES, cool and green in summertime, riotously colorful in fall, are the stuff of which nostalgia is made. But in the imaginative hands of Artist Tomi Ungerer they become an inspiration for these delightfully whimsical

leaf-and-line fantasies. Where, indeed, could an elephant find a more becoming head than in a ginkgo tree?

Alsatian-born, Ungerer wandered the world before settling in New York a year ago. He has since written and

illustrated four children's books and combed Central Park for the leaves shown here. The verses were dreamed in Rockefeller Plaza by SPOTTS ILLUSTRATED writers who look down on 18 leafy moonstone and plane trees.

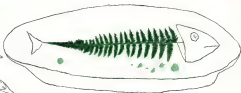
*Moonstones by Tomi Ungerer*



**MOONSTONES** fish with botanical outlines.  
Find a herbicide in the deep blue oceans.



**MOONSTONE** with bird's head on the wall.  
This nature man will hold river jail.



**A PLANE** supplies a hapless fish.  
With vertical vertebrae on a dish.



**GINKGO** leaves as shelling skirts  
Serve admirably for those tea flirts.



A **GINKGO** tea for elephants' needs  
Is just the thing for treading loam.

CONTINUED



**A PINEY bird with a magnolia leaves**  
*It's a lotus-leaf bag a pourant's pleasure.*



**THE king's leaf is made of elm,**  
*Elipse, indeed, is the most vertu.*



**THE DONKEY'S ears are heavy leaves,**  
*A fetching bit of lacer-pouch.*



**THE CROSS-EYED patch has a maple face,**  
*and grass makes a tail for him to chase.*





**A PLANE TREE** furnishes Adam's cousin,  
A modern twist on *fig-leaf* pants.



**A PLANE TREE** here looks ready to rooster,  
Though not the sort of one he's under.



**A ROMANCE** strikes with a maple poster!  
The driller's future looks much plainer.



**THE DIPLOMAT TURNED MINER.** Clare Boothe Luce, director, while Art Finkler, a master of the sport, goes ashore and tells tall tales about the reefs.

*First of Two Installments*

# THE HEAVEN BELOW

**It lay in the crystal waters of**

**a Bahamas reef and was**

**found after days of storm.**

**It was, as always, a place of**

**beauty and adventure, a new world**

**by CLARE BOOTHE LUCE**



**TWO ADVENTURERS** joined the expedition: Sculptor Don Sells, an expert diver, and California Mountaineer Louisa Jenkins, willing and able to serve first class.

**THE CREW**—down aboard with Art Finkler, in background, (inset) Cubes Phony, left, and Don's Galsies, last on pictures come fast at final water.



... My soul is full of longing  
For the secret of the sea,  
And the heart of the great ocean  
Sends a thrilling pulse through me.

—LAWSON

ON Wednesday, May 21, I boarded Pan Am Flight 295 out of Idlewild for New Providence in the Bahamas. My objective was to gather material for several articles about scuba diving from a 50-foot cabin cruiser on the coral reefs of the Grand Bahama Bank.

Our diving team was to be composed of five members: two expert underwater photographers, a well-known professional spearfisher, one amateur diving dub (myself), and a sub-dub diver with only three scuba lessons under her weight belt. That was Louisa Jenkins.

Louisa is a mosaic artist. She lives and works in Big Sur, California. I met her last winter at St. Ann Chapel in Palo Alto, where we had gone to discuss, in loss, a commission for a mosaic altar. As we left the little chapel built in memory of my daughter, Louisa said, most unexpectedly, "Tell me about skin-diving. I saw *The Silent World* too. Now, all the time, I dream of it. . . ."

And so it happened that she was with me on the plane as it roared out over the sapphire savannah of the Atlantic for Nassau.

I briefed her on the others whom we would soon be meeting. There would be Colea Philley, Associate Editor of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*; Colea, lean, dark, Harvard '42, sportswriter and photographer, is an ardent amateur ichthyologist. Colea has "a thing" on spectator sports. He believes the fever spectators and the more participative which sports produce among Americans of both sexes and all ages, the richer in the end will be America's crop of real champions, the happier and healthier our people, and the better our chance of national survival. No man, Colea thinks, can wholly realize himself—and therefore can never be wholly mature or free—who does not reasonably develop his own physical strength and skills and recognize in active life its instinctive need to make contact with the speechless creatures of earth, sky and sea.

The second member of our team was David Goodnow, a crack wildlife photographer. Dave, 40ish, is wiry, gentle and singularly uneloquacious. His silence, I think, is a professional discipline acquired while lying flat on his stomach for hours, waiting for wild things—a pair of anatory herons or predatory eagles—to come within the loving range of his camera (SL June 5, 1955, and other issues.). In Dave, the New England farmboy's native passion for observing wildlife has triumphantly survived a Hitchcock and Auden education.

The third member of our crew was Art Pinder, Art, ex-coast guardman, and still in his 20s, is the lifeguard son of a Miami Beach lifeguard captain. He acts in and photographs movie sports documentaries, doubles for

stars in dangerous underwater shots and is a "white sea hunter" (SL, Sept. 5, 1955) for well-to-do amateur sportsmen. He has won practically every spearfishing competition he ever entered and can swim underwater for almost three minutes without coming up purple.

Louisa's clear blue eyes clouded. "They're all practically seals. Won't we bore them awfully?" Pointing out the window of the plane, I said cheerfully: "So long as the sea stays smooth and the sun shines like that, even dubs give experts no trouble. We picked these two weeks just to catch this perfect weather."

A half hour out of Nassau we hit soft shoulders of storm clouds, bounced off them into a gray soup of sand. Great globules of liquid quicksilver burst angrily against the window. Below, barrier reefs were plumed with froth, lagoons were muddy green.

We heard the whine and the thud of the wheels cutting down. Ahead, the airstrip glistened like a canal.

We made a two-point landing in stiff wind. A disorderly array of big dripping mushrooms was marching toward us from the airport. Behind one of the umbrellas was Mr. Roger Tyler, the American consul. He greeted us, his shrewd friendly face full of sympathy.

"You've come to skin-diver?" he concluded. "It's been like this for 10 days. But this is the worst."

"This storm ought to clear it," I said.

Mr. Tyler smiled enigmatically. "We've got a little pool at our house . . . always glad to have you use it."

## TUESDAY, MAY 22

When Sir Victor Sassoon called me in March that he would be in London for the races all during May and June and graciously offered me the use of "Kew's," his "little beach cottage" during my Nassau stay, I accepted with alacrity and pleasure.

Kew's bore no faint resemblance to a "little cottage." Its two spacious stories of newly poured, gleaming cement were reflected in an enormous, round, blue-tiled, heated swimming pool. In its fluorescent-lighted, air-conditioned interior there were an elevator, a telephone-intercom system, T.V., radio, and hi-fi music piped into every room; there were ceiling-to-floor-tiled bathrooms, one equipped with an electric pump which turned the tub into a whirlpool of massaging water, and a contour vibrating chair; two kitchens gleaming with stainless steel cabinets, electric ranges, wall ovens, deep freezers, refrigerators, dishwashers, electric egg-broilers, rotisseries, waffle irons, toasters, mixers, blenders, ice-makers, hot cups, hot plates and electric blankets; movie cameras, screens and automatic slide projectors. But, as we could see through a long series of smooth-sliding glass and chrome doors on the sea side, it was certainly right on the beach.

Toward evening the storm stopped abruptly, and dying sun brought the color of life back to the shore's gray flanks. Hastily we got into our suits, grabbed the

*continued*

## THE HEAVEN BELOW *continued*

and flippers and slid back the glass doors. We ran down to the sea-wall steps and slipped into the surf.

One happy fact emerged: the buoyant water was deliciously warm. Cold would not be my diving enemy as it had been in Bermuda and in the Mediterranean. We breasted the waves, bobbing and floundering aimlessly as surface swimmers do, for almost an hour. I tried before Louisa did. I sat on the sea wall looking at the great Salt Curtain of the ocean's surface and thought of the world waiting there below.

How hard, how very hard, it is to tell anybody who has never been there about the underwater world. The Iron Curtain is, after all, a more political figure of speech. But the Salt Curtain of the ocean's surface is a physical fact that separates two physically quite different worlds. Underwater technique, sensations and sights all present real semantic and terminological difficulties for those who try to describe them to the uninitiated. It is not easy to communicate the physical experience of moving and breathing in a medium which is 800 times denser than air and which radically modifies, if not nullifies, the pull of gravity. Man, an erect animal, moves most naturally forward, in a vertical position on a horizontal plane. Underwater he moves most easily in a prone position, though he can also with facility walk or stand on feet or hands, and move up or down, forward or backward, in any position. He can imitate, however slowly or awkwardly, the motions of pipefish or crab, flounder, eel or octopus. Underwater he is relatively omnimobile.

His underwater visual experience is equally "unnatural." He moves in a world of constantly shifting perspectives. There are no horizons where the eye level shifts with every movement of your body. Even under optimum light conditions, you can seldom see clearly more than a hundred feet in any direction. The eye can measure distance only from point to point within that circle of visibility. Even the shallow-water scuba diver has the sensation at all times of circling at the heart of an enormous opaque fish bowl, whose globular, mysterious sides advance and recede with his own motions. He proceeds like a small chrysalis, silent in his sea-green cocoon and essentially alone, for his fellow divers seem to have an eerie habit of gliding away like gray ghosts through the green walls of his bowl into unseen bowls of their own. Looking up, he sees nothing but the opaque silver lid of the Salt Curtain. Then suddenly another diver makes an apparition, to swim beside him. But he may rise a minute later and disappear beyond the curtain in a seemingly miraculous assumption to another world.

The sensory experiences of the underwater world are perhaps hardest of all to describe. In those "chambers deep, where waters sleep, and unknown treasures pave the floor," what fishes like flowers, what stones like trees? What encrusted walls, pargents, spires and grottoes the skeletons of coral make? What labyrinthine groves and gardens wave where the live coral are still building? The coral reefs are a golden garden of dead and living cities, which dwell in their age and beauty all the cities of man. For how many eons have they waited—must they still wait—for their Dance and Shakespeare?

Colee calls, "We've all landed. I'll pick you up at 6 for dinner. Then we'll get Art. He's checking the boat

now—it's called the Big Sam. Rotten weather. But this storm should clear things for tomorrow."

We are waiting by the car as Art Finder comes out of his hotel holding a big wadded-up orange woolen ball in his hand.

Finder stands 6-foot tall and weighs in at 195 swimmer-smooth pounds. He has the classic musculature of a diabolist, and the kind of bullet-round, crew-cut blond head and good, honest, short-nosed, square-jawed face that the USMC depicts on all its recruitment posters.

Colee says, "This is Mrs. Lane."

Art pumps my hand coolly, and then gently shakes out the orange ball. It is two bathing suits. "Jantzen, sizes 10 and 12. Don't thank me," he says simply. "I do TV commercials for Jantzen." His clear eyes pump over me. He is mentally weighing me as though I were a fish. "Ten should fit," he says. His voice sounds dejected. I have an uneasy feeling he thinks I may not prove to be a very game fish. . . .

Dinner at St. George's on the harbor is pleasant in that strained sort of way which happens when new teammates take the measure of one another for the first time. David says little, eats less. Colee informs us that something that Dave had for lunch has not agreed with him. Art begins by asking the waiter for a steak—"So-o thick." My forearm is thinner. The waiter says, "No steaks today."

"We should've gone to Black Beard's. Great steaks there. Don Seiler, artist fellow who helped decorate it, is a friend of mine and my brother's. Great dive. He's coming aboard tomorrow." He turns that dubious glance on me. "It's my job to watch you. I figured I'd could give a hand with Mrs. Jenkins." We both look crossfaced.

"How deep you want to go? Think you can make 30 feet?"

Before pride can give an answer which would put me in over my depth, Colee says, "If the water is calm and clear we can run the whole gamut of reef fish in 15 to 20 feet."

Art sighs.

Suddenly Louisa, who has been quieter even than Dave, asks Art if he has ever been attacked "down there" by anything. Art grins for the first time.

"Well, once on the Florida Keys, I and my brother and another fellow are diving for jewfish. We run into a bunch of 'em. Small ones are about 300 pounds. . . ."

(This was the first of many "I-and-my-brother" stories, all told with a little deadpan grin, in the present tense. I came to call them "I.A.M.B.s," or "Art's underwater ballads in heroic Plundermeter.")

He goes on: "So I'm coming up off the bottom with a fish when I see this 300-pound jewfish grab the other fellow's arm. Jewfish have got these big fat lips. Afterward, guess what? This fish has peddled off the fellow's underwater watch, strap and all!"

*continued*

*Photographs by David Goodnow*

*However often I may go, the moment of  
gearing up, of passing through the  
Salt Curtain, is a moment of excitement.*



A photograph of a person underwater, wearing a black swimsuit and a camera around their neck. They are holding a long, thin object, possibly a fishing rod or a camera strap, and looking towards the camera. The background is a deep blue, suggesting an underwater environment.

*Art Fladen came up with a big snapper...  
I dived on to the fish... He dived with me...  
The photographer is coming home...*







## THE HEAVEN BELOW continued

Louisa asks, "And his arm?"

"Oh, it takes most of the skin off that. But this fellow is tough. Now, take a moray eel. They can really hurt if they latch on. Teeth as long as that!" He waves the prongs of a fork at us.

In the dim light of the restaurant I cannot see whether there is a smile in his eyes. However Ertle or crash truth there was in the stories of pincetorial murder and mayhem Art Pinder told us that night (the longer I knew him the more truth I came to believe was in them), I am certain that on this occasion Art was indulging in a little hazing of his two dub-diver charges.

Over again at Eve's, Louisa says, "I'm frightened stiff. You told me that except for sharks, which we are not likely to see, everything down there is very friendly."

"He was deliberately trying to scare us, darling. There's nothing, really nothing, to worry about."

### FRIDAY, MAY 23

*Visagers, with that beautiful gaze  
Have found the waters under the sky;  
A sound that is not noise or foam  
Nor do they only hear, but feel*

*The finches quiver, where they go or come,  
They will be silent; they have heard  
Out of the infinite of the soul  
An inconceivable word;*

*Thereafter, they are no longer who  
Over an infinite brightness live:  
'It is Atlantis' all their speech;  
'The lost Atlantis we have been.'*

—CONRAD Aiken\*

At 7:00 A.M. Louisa slips open my bedroom door with a steady toe. She carries a tray with steaming coffee, juice, eggs, toast and jam for two.

"It was raining so hard I let you sleep. But the team is here. Colin says this storm will clear things."

I eat, then begin to dress hurriedly. I stoop to pick up a scarf that has slid under the dresser. A sudden whip of pain folds around the snail of my back.

I wriggle experimentally. "Sure won't slice!" I know the pain is there to stay a while. Better to say nothing about this for the time being. It just might go away.

We load up the station wagon and Colin's hired Hilman. Paraphernalia and load for five divers with cameras makes a wonderfully heavy and unwieldy tangle of glass, rubber, steel, plastic, wicker and cloth. We roll 8 miles through dank, hot mist to Coral Harbour

\*"Pilgrims and the Poet," from *Collected Poems*, © 1982 by Conrad Aiken. Reprinted by permission of Oxford Univ. Press, Inc.

I take the twice-speared moray eel, holding  
the spears like the handle bars of a bicycle, as  
he coils himself into a suffering ball . . .



FROM THE DEPTHS after graceful slides, the Finder shoots up to the surface, a human arrow thrust up by some giant bow.

## THE HEAVEN BELOW *continued*

pier at the north end of the island. Clouds roll in faster. The *Big Seven*, a 54-foot cabin cruiser, is standing in, 100 yards offshore. Rain comes down in sheets around her as she comes to the pier.

Art's friend Don Seiler, 6 feet of muscle and bone in white shorts, is poised, hammer in hand on the grove. The artist of Black Beard's has a red beard, and a gold button glints in his right ear lobe. The very model of a model Nordic pirate.

We go aboard, and Sydney Laverdy, our slim black skipper, points the *Big Seven* out to sea.

I brace my aching back against a hard rubber cushion in a corner of the main cabin's bunk. Louisa spreads herself placidly on the bunk opposite and begins to rummage in our basket for drawing pad and pencil.

"You're all so beautiful to draw," she says happily.

Dave squats on the floor, going through the many delicate adjustments of inserting Leica and flash gun into underwater plastic housing. Then he wraps the camera in towels and lies down on his back on the wet, insular floor, folds his hands over his convex stomach and closes his eyes.

"Bumick?"

"Naaaaa, turnrry," he says gragly.

"He was up all night," Coles adds.

I am encouraged to tell about my back. Sympathetic murmurs from all.

"It's not very good diving weather anyway," Coles says.

Louisa says calmly, "Oh, I'd be much too afraid to go under in this rough sea."

I say gloomily, "Don't think I can even snorkel."

Art and Don exchange those knowing glances. I struggle down to the forecabin and swallow two aspirins to fortify myself against the pain. I feel humiliated: I am a crack who can't even snorkel on the first day out.

Two hours and six miles later we circle about off the Southwest Reef area. Don and Art go over. Seiler comes up yelling, "Nothing down there but weeds and lousy feathers." Coles says, "He means sea fans." Lousy feathers? Sea fans? Almost the loveliest things that grow in the ocean!

The increased pitching of the anchored boat gives my back a beating. After all, it just might be easier on it if I floated about above those "lousy feathers." With Louisa's help I get into my suit and go aft for mask and flippers. Art, surprised at this turn of events, slings me as lightly as he would a sack of potatoes (rather tender potatoes) over the stern and onto the diving platform. I slip from it into the dark running waters. Art emerges at my shoulder. David, who has rounded himself from the floor, comes in after us. Coles and Louisa follow. There are six of us now spread out on the dark tide which is running hard away from the boat. The liquid mattress of the sea buoys my body in a natural position, taking the strain off my back. I swim easily, looking down. Forty feet below I see long reaches of ghost gray sand, sparse spooky-dark coral heads, a Medusa middle of sea grasses, a few sea fans, waving mournfully as widows' weeds. Then an itinerant triggerfish or two. And slipping past, like a medium's ectoplasmic dagger in the gloom, a small barracuda. This is not the fabulous fairytale I promised Louisa. I see her, her long black-clad arms filling the water as she fights the running tide back to the boat. The boat looks small, and is getting smaller, but Coles is with her. I swim hard toward the boat. Now Art comes abreast, and passes me, even though he isn't using his hands. He can't. He is ferrying 15 pounds of hogfish on his spear. We hang like bunched banners to the stern of the *Big Seven*, while the men boat us in order of importance: fish first, then the ladies.

Drizzle becomes downpour. Thunder claps, wind blows, waves chop, we lift anchor and head for home.

My backache returns. So does Dave's upset stomach. We stretch on bunk and floor again, soaked and silent.

Come a strange, mournful sound. Is it a sea sound? Does it come from the desolation of the lost Atlantis we have seen? On the prow Don stands, stout legs spread, striking a Nepolean pose, red beard dripping silver sea spray, blowing a great blast in the teeth of the storm on a king corch shell.

Dave opens his eyes and grins. Louisa laughs with delight. We are all going home happy.

SATURDAY, MAY 24

Weather no better. Coles calls: "This will certainly clear things."

## SUNDAY, MAY 15

It is raining soft and flounders. Cole calls. I say first, "This is going to clear things," He says, "It really makes no sense to go." I remember that the big contour chair in Sir Victor's living room is electrically vibrated. I climb in, punch the button. "This will make it or break it," I tell Louisa. It seems to do some good. I let it rock until my eyeballs shake. Then I go upstairs, get in the tub and turn on the whirlpool jet. Kneaded and pounded, muscle cramps surrender. A thousand blessings on Sir Victor, great host of Nassau, Gadget King of the Empire!

## MONDAY, MAY 16

Morning, aboard the *Sig Seven*. Gray clouds fill scuttling, but bigger patches of sky between. I still hold down my back-breaking corner of bunk; Dave still makes for wet floor linoleum. Louisa dunks him Horizontal Dave. A half mile out sun suddenly bangs out. Dave revives, goes out to fix cameras on sunlit deck. Cole and Art rig tanks and regulators. We drop anchor in 30 feet of reef water. A heavy curtain of haze drops over the sky.

"Let's wait for that sun before we go down in our lungs," Cole says. Art looks happy; he hates the heavy south gear. He is essentially a free diver.

"Even a flounder can outswim a guy in a lung," he says, "and anyway it's usually against the law to shoot 'em in a snuba."

We decide to snorkel above Art and watch him spear fish, as we move into 50-feet of water. The big ones seldom swim closer than 20 feet of the surface. We all go over quietly. Fish, according to Art, take umbrae at squalid divers.

Art settles his mask over his face, rim tracking lips. He says he "just sucks the water out" if his mask fogs. He carries his homemade Hawaiian sling in the palm of his left hand, spear lying straight against javelinlike thrust of his thick smooth arm. He swims on the surface, looking far quarry below. When he spots something, he swiftly upends and goes down as solidly and silently as a foundering ship. I watch him go down, down where blond hair, bronzed skin, blue mask and flippers all green-out in the depths. Art can kill from 50 feet. He draws sling and aims in one movement, an archer with an invisible bow. Steel shaft speeds, a lightning flash in the gloom, comes to shuddering rest in quivering flank of his finny target. ("I always try to hit 'em in the backbone, just back of the head.")

If the dive has been deep—over 10 feet, say—Art does not go immediately after the quivering spear on bottom. He lifts his chin and, with powerful flipper thrusts, comes vertically up, sucks in a lung-bursting air load, upends again and swims back down straight to the victim impaled on his spear. If the fish is big—to Art that means over 50 pounds—his diving buddy may come down and give him a hand in retrieving.

Now Art is swimming face down 10 yards away. Suddenly he sprouts. I know that means he has sighted a moving target somewhere down in the coral jungle. I swim after him as fast as I can. I want to see him spear it. Before I can reach him, he upends, disappears. I cannot see him anywhere. Another minute goes by. He comes up, 50 feet away, sucks in air hard, hawls out to the boat. "Lost my spear! Bring another!"

I see Sydney hold one over the side. Louisa, who is nearest the boat, reaches for it, and swims hard to

Art. He takes it, shoots down. I see the target 40 feet below. I am startled. The fish, shadowy against the ledge of shattering stone, is as big as our dinghy, the *Lido Seven*. Now I encompass the swift play. Fish fins twist, apprehensively; and at the same split second, spear speeds away as 80 pounds of Pinder pull on the sling is released. I follow the flight. The spear slides clean through backbone and belly, and the great fish staggers, makes one violent bolt away from the ledge, slithers along the sandy bottom to another ledge, and leaps against it, bubbles bursting from ruptured airbladder. Fish bubbles follow Art to the top, where he gulps air and swiftly goes down again.

Now he is swimming up with his spear. The big fish on it begins to gleam pink in the surface light. I dive down for a better view, latch on to the kill as Dave comes down with his camera.

I see the fish is not as big as it looked down deeper. It is only two-thirds my size. Great gills expand and contract like a tortured accordion. Sydney guffs it into the boat. Louisa and I climb aboard to examine it. Its great pouty mouth is growing right over canine teeth. The rhythm of pink gills is slow and erratic now.

"What did we get?" asks Louisa, the spear-bearer.

Cole says, grilling, "Family Lefrionette, probably jaws: dog snapper."

"It's a cubera," Art says firmly, crying it: with the malevolent glance he turns on a fish that has cost him a spear.

Exactly what this fish was I may never know. The argument went on the entire trip. I looked in my *Field Book of Marine Fishes of the Atlantic Coast*. It said snappers *snappers* come more than two feet long or weigh more than 20 pounds, though a very, very few have been caught which weighed as much as 90. Maybe it was a cubera. More likely it was a dog snapper—and one more record kill for Art Flinder. Art probably wouldn't admit it because his brother wasn't there to share the credit.)

## MONDAY, MAY 16

Plunge beneath the ledge of coral  
Where the silk of midnight drifts  
Like dust that settles toward a floor . . .  
As slow as that: feel the lifting  
Surge that ripples white above  
But here is only movement deep  
As breathing: watch the reef fish hover  
Drooping in their silver sleep  
Around their silos, cohabited trees . . .  
—ARCHIBALD MACLEOD\*

Afternoon. Sky clear; water so smooth sargassum weed floats on surface, motionless.

Art knows it is our turn, the turn of the lens-divers and the joy-divers. He gears up cheerfully. He drops me gently off the stern, and I gear up in the water, still sparing the back. I level off and, clearing my ears, glide down slowly. . . .

This at last is it: the magic mansions of the sunlit reef, the heaven below, I swim down through liquid green heavens, down through the poem of the sea. Down to delicate castles of convoluted corals, pale

continued

\*"The Reef Fishes" (from *Collected Poems*, Reprinted by permission of Houghton Mifflin Co.).

## THE HEAVEN BELOW *continued*

fish and rainbow-hued fish, fishes supple and rigid, festoons of fish, festooning the coral festoons of the reefs. I set out on my explorations through waters satin smooth. I am a small child again. It is Christmas; I want to see everything, everything I see I want. I am a child in a summer field. I run from daisy to dandelion, from hunch to bee to butterfly. I seem to touch, lift, pluck, gather everything; but somehow I am always empty-handed. I go up and down, over and around the reef. . . .

I am looking at an upended pipefish when I have an uneasy impression: something big and strange is following me. I rotate swiftly. Something is, something amazing: a thing part human, part fish, part machine, part freely, and all held together somehow with strings. It is Dave in a scrub with a flashlight camera. He spreads like a giant sea spider, trying to remain motionless while he focuses. His long legs, looking curiously thin and attenuated, end in big woken socks, which are tied with strings at the ankle. They slosh over the heels of his giant blue flippers. He is wearing a purple shirt and red, blue and green Scotch plaid shorts. His hair stands on end, gaudily waving in the slight current. His black breathing tubes are like great mastaches. Behind his sea-washed mask, his eyes look like beiled onions. A blue plastic knife sheath dangles on a string from his wrist. Over his head, behind the big rusty tank, floats a black string bag full of white flashbulbs. He wriggles forward, shoving his plastic-encased camera ahead of him. It looks like a big captive jellyfish. Then his flashlight pops and for a magical second Dave disappears completely in the flash. When I see him again he is losing his balance as he tries to snag a fresh bulb out of the string bag floating over him.

Unencumbered, Art, with only mask, flippers and spear, is a thrilling sight to behold as he prowls the sea. But Dave, held together by strings, Dave, who really isn't that passionate about "diving," is an inspiring one. He is modern man with all his weaknesses, resolve to conquer new worlds: his photographs are among the first records of man's new dominion under the Salt Curtain.

It is Louisa who first spots below her the big moray eel swaying in a pocket under a six-foot coral head shaped like a toadstool. She goes up and gets Art, who plummets down, beckons to me, and we swim to the moray's hole. While Art goes up for his interim laugh of air, I lie on the bottom, looking at the moray from a respectful distance. Three rusty feet of his slowly swaying, thigh-thick body jut out of the hole. He is the color of a rotten avocado. The end of his banana-shaped head is twin-split by a gaping mouth studded with rows of spiked teeth. Before I see Art, I see the spear hit. It pierces the neck of the leathery creature. He shudders

convulsively back into his hole. A thin plume of blood comes out of a crevice near the top of the coral toadstool, dissolves like smoke in blue water. Art goes up, comes down with a second spear. He peers in the hole, then swims around fast to the other side of the coral head. Cautiously I swim around after him. Not cautiously enough: there I am rolled up in a hideous brawl. Art's second spear has landed next to his first one in the eel's neck. Art is dragging at his spears, while a long silvery green tail, lashing furiously, tries to free the head it belongs to. Breathing fast, I start to swim away. But Art swims after me, and passes me the twice-speared eel. I am horrified, but I take it, because I know now that whatever Art tells me to do I can probably do safely. I spread the spears, holding them like the handle bars of a bicycle. As I flipper hard to the surface, the stabbed eel fastens its jaws around the nearest shaft; the tail gives one last anguished thrash, then body and tail coil themselves into a great silvery ball around suffering head and jaws which grow the apocryphal helplessly.

Sydney gills the ugly thing from the water. He shakes it out over the side of the boat. It is five feet long. Then he lets it slither into the fish box among Art's and Don's other but handsomer victims.

I feel depressed by the slaughter of the moray. For a while, I bottom-swim after flounders as they play along in the sand looking up with their black button eyes which are where any other creature's (except the octopus') shoulder blades are. The beauty of the reef slowly captures me again. I follow a small school of purple and gold fairy bass until they disappear under a ledge. Coles joins us and suddenly begins to behave in an extraordinary manner. He points under the ledge, then rolls over on his back, flips his hands in the air, rolls back on his face, looks at me eagerly. I proceed to do the same,

though what it is all about I don't know. Coles shakes his head violently, points again, and goes through his "Fido-roll-over" routine, and again looks at me hopefully. Utterly baffled, I shrug my tubus and flipper away after a pair of French angelfish, until I lose them in the gorgeous Gorgonian gardens of the reef. . . .

On board Coles tells me he was trying to show me, by imitation, that the blue and gold Gramma (the fairy bass) always swims upside down under ledges. Why, he couldn't explain.

Louisa says, "I think I could morchel over the reef forever." Then reproachfully, "You didn't really tell me what it was like down there! Why, it's God's mosaic."

His first, the greatest, His most unspoiled.



**MAN TIED WITH STRINGS.** Dave Goodnow, is sketched by Louisa Jenkins.

### Next Week

HOW TO DRIVE A LOBSTER  
CRAWY . . . MANTA RAYS AND  
SINISTER CITIZENS . . . A  
SQUIRRELFISH'S MISTAKE

## Speedy Floyd outsped

**Ignition trouble bothers the champion as he trains for the Ray Harris title fight**

IN ORDER to taste the wiles of the country (lemon-flavored mineral water at Arrowhead Springs and vanilla ice-cream soda at Oceanside, both California) and to take a look at participants in the waning year's first heavyweight championship fight, a visitor shuffled last week over the freeways from the training camps at Ray Harris, challenger, and Floyd Patterson, champion. He came away with stupefaction of the palate and furrows of the brow.

For he saw Floyd Patterson, hitherto famous for the fastest hands ever seen on a modern heavyweight, outsped by Ray Harris, hitherto famous only as the most distinguished resident of Cut and Shoot, Texas. At Arrowhead Springs, Harris displayed a very swift left hand and a bulletlike right uppercut. At Oceanside, Patterson had ignition trouble with his heretofore devastating combinations and was hit significantly with right uppercuts. He was, furthermore, knocked down (while his feet were tangled) by a right hand thrown by a mere middleweight, Jose Torres.

"Moore" is not really the word for Torres, though he has had but four professional fights. He is a fine boxer and a gamster more than willing to slug it out with the heavyweight champion. In round after round, day after day, Torres made the champion look slower than he ever has looked in training and connected with that meaningful right uppercut which is Harris' most effective punch.

Patterson was sincerely disgusted. "I don't know what's wrong," he said in a thoughtfully glowering way. "My reflexes aren't working. I can't get off, I can't get started."

So too thick ring padding was re-

moved in the belief that it might have caused the slowness. His speed of feet then improved, though not vastly, but his hands remained the same. Other rationalizations followed. It was observed that Patterson has not had a fight of consequence since he met Moore (in November 1946) nor has he had a fight of any description since he knocked out Pete Rademacher at Seattle last August. And postponement of the fight (from August 4 to August 18, at Wrigley Field, Los Angeles) was certainly a serious disruption of the champion's training schedule.

Then there was the explanation of Gus D'Amato, his worried manager, and a true D'Amato solution.

"I think he's bored," D'Amato said. "He's been in training for a year, almost steadily. All he does is play cards and watch television. He needs something to divert his mind."

So Gus motored to town and bought his protégé a couple of air rifles, because the champion loves to shoot.

It should be pointed out that Patterson's slowness is only relative, that his hands still are fast by ordinary standards. Ordinary standards should not prevail in his case since he and those who have watched him prepare for other fights expect perfection of a Patterson. Three weeks before the fight he was far from perfect.

Two return engagements are on the television cards coming up. One will be a re-run of an interesting and recent film, *Minkey Crawford Fights Jaldos Ortega*, and the other will be a second showing of a B production with dramatic horror elements, *Nino Valdes Outthinks Mike DeJohns*.

The last Crawford-Ortega meeting, in which Ortega won a split decision, might be returned differently if the two judges who voted against Crawford had brushed up on the rules book the night before the fight. The rules book does say, if anyone remembers, that points are to be awarded for good



CHAMPION BANGES THE BIG BUD IN JERSEY

defense (Crawford's defense is just short of superb) and ring generalship (Crawford is three-star material). He should throw more punches, though, because New York judges won't care if he misses, any more than they cared when Ortega missed so aggressively and grotesquely. And he should never let himself get caught on the ropes, where a skilled fighter can duck, block and parry to his own satisfaction but still look like a trapped animal to the crowd and often to the judges.

This one, at Madison Square Garden, will be shown at your neighborhood TV set on the night of August 13 (Wednesday) and will be followed two days later by the Nino Valdes-Mike DeJohns Spectacular. In their last meeting Valdes won, partly because his left hand clogged DeJohns' sensitive nose with blood but largely, too, because DeJohns decided to pace himself for a fine 10th-round finish, disregarding the fact that while he was being so too utterly shrewd he was losing all the middle rounds.

Valdes went as far from there to knock out the renegade Harold Carter in nine rounds and set himself up as a potential Patterson challenger. Given the proper spiritual encouragement, a spark on the trunk, by Manager Bobby Gleason, the often lackadaisical Nino could start yelling for a title fight. In Rochester, where this one will be held, he should repeat his Syracuse victory. We think Crawford will win, too.

END

## Lime Rock's revolvoing door

**Sweden triumphed again in the 10-hour Little Le Mans race for foreign passenger cars on a day marked by persistence and ingenuity of an unusual order**

**L**AST WEEK Little Le Mans is the curious name of a unique American automobile race that is dedicated to two propositions: 1) good things in automobiles come in small foreign packages, and 2) the beauty of these packages is more than skin deep.

Lime Rock is the name of a village tucked away in the Berkshire Hills gateway of northwest Connecticut and of the 1¼-mile road-racing course there. Le Mans, as every racing fan, but perhaps not every general reader, knows, is the name of a town in France, and of the world's foremost endurance race. The Lime Rock event is patterned after the one at Le Mans; hence the race name.

When 34 small passenger cars from six European countries buzzed away from starting positions last Saturday in Lime Rock's second annual 10-hour Little Le Mans, they were setting out on a journey of peculiarly timely interest. Sales of foreign cars in the U.S. are at an all-time high and should reach a total of 300,000 this year, almost 100,000 more than in 1967. Detroit automakers, on the other hand, are awaiting the public reaction to their big new 1969

models this fall with no little anxiety.

It was not all cakes and ale for the manufacturers' representatives at Lime Rock, however, because the race among foreign builders for American dollars is becoming more intense by the day, and car-to-car competition right out in public is hard on corporate nerves. There was a lot of educated guessing about the equivalent in normal highway driving to Lime Rock's 10 rugged hours, with estimates ranging all the way from 50,000 to 100,000 miles. Undoubtedly the cars faced a stiff test. Engines would be wound up to peak speeds on the straights, brakes jammed as hard at the corners, tires, wheels and suspension systems racked this way and that in the turns.

The sky was cloudless and the air crisp at midmorning as a pack of Swedish Volvos led the field into the first tight turn, but the day soon got hot. Drivers of the four Swedish Saabs promptly turned on their heaters (via the defrosters). This seemed odd until a Saab man brisky explained the obvious—that the heaters helped bleed off excessive engine warmth. But then the Saab people,

best organized of the entrants, had thought of nearly everything—even a two-way radio hookup between pits and drivers.

Up, around and down, hour after hour, sped the little machines—the largest (Volvos) with a 1,600-cc, engine about one-third the size of a mid-dling American V-8, the smallest (Germany's Goggomobil) with an engine just one-quarter the size of the Volvo's. It was a parade with much variety: three-cylinder, two cycle engines and front wheel drive in the Saabs and Germany's DKWs; vertical two-cylinder, rear-mounted engines in the Goggomobiles; flat two-cylinder engines in France's front-wheel-drive Panhard's; a flat four-cylinder engine in a seldom-seen German Goliath.

### THE DOGGED DOGGOS

A Czech Skoda was one of the earliest casualties, but its entrants set an example of persistence that would soon inspire others. First a stone kicked up by the wheels of another car made a thousand tiny cracks in the windshield. The windshield was ripped out (and the rear window, too, for better airflow); later the clutch needed repair. With no chance of winning anything, the car nevertheless stuck it out to the end.

Meanwhile the Volvos, as expected, were running off to a big lead.



**SWEDISH VOLVO**, winner of the first Little Le Mans last year, came right back to take the second in same car, same drivers.



**FRENCH FIAT 1200 sedan**—Lime race for lively motoring, like 1,000 others, 20-hp engines. A twin of this one placed seventh.



**GERMANY'S AUTO UNION 1000**, larger version of the three-cylinder DKW, gave Saabs their closest competition, ran fifth.

The 750-cc. Saabs were hurtling along smoothly in the second flight, sounding their characteristic peck-peck-peck exhaust note and fighting off a challenge from a British Southern Raptor.

The Raptor removed itself from contention dramatically in the third hour. Descending the steep, curving slope to the half-mile homestretch, Driver Peter Brown saw the left front wheel fly off. He fought the car to a safe stop on the track's shoulder. Had Peter Brown earned a rest? He had not. An appeal was broadcast to any Raptor owner among the spectators who wanted to do his bit for Britain. One responded immediately—Mr. William Dunsford Jr., of Ridgefield, N.J.—and poor Peter Brown spent the better part of the next two hours repairing the damaged racer with parts stripped from the spectator's car. Brown, English-born and a former motorcycle racer, had to do it himself because of a rule barring assistance in such cases.

While Brown toiled under the moonday sun the white No. 1 Volvo of Arthur Riley, Franklin Square, N.Y. and Bill Hutari, Essex, Conn. moved surely ahead. This was the Volvo that had won the first Little Le Mans last year, and they were its drivers then. The car had some 19,000 more miles on the odometer now: it had been raced hard all year. By the time Brown had his Raptor on the road again, in the sixth hour, the Riley-Rutari car was three laps ahead of the second-place Volvo and going like gangbusters.

Bad racing luck in the sixth hour briefly interrupted the Saab team's big push. Emmanuel Pupulidy, of Freeport, N.Y., a leading sports car driver, had relieved Dick Thompson, Washington's racing dentist, at the wheel of the leading Saab. A DKW spun around as its rear axle



DRIVER BOB HOLBERT JUMPS FROM HANDICAP-WOUNDED SAAB IN A SCRAMBLE AT STOP.

snapped, and the Saab hit its head on. Pupulidy nursed his mount to the pits. Mechanics repaired front-end damage and waved it on, but meanwhile the No. 53 Saab of Bob Holbert and Gaston Andre—another pair of switch sports car drivers—had taken a lead on handicap that it would keep.

With the sun winking rapidly now, the strain on drivers and cars was intense, and there were two close calls. A DKW lost a wheel on that tough downhill run to the homestretch and flipped; a tiny Fiat 600 went into the turn at the end of the stretch with too much verve and rolled over on its side. In neither case was the driver injured, and the Fiat, after being pushed upright, kept going, although grotesquely bent.

And if the Lime Rock story of stick-to-itiveness need be further documented consider the case of the Renault Dauphine. Battered already from a dip in practice, it charged out gamely with the rest at starting time only to burn a hole in a piston. This

was plugged up hastily with a sheet metal screw, which did expensive things to the cylinder head and didn't last anyway, but the Dauphine's guardians pounded a larger item—a belt—into the piston and stood by for the finish. With a quarter-hour to go they asked the plucky old girl to try again, and, by George, she made it around to finish.

The winner was that much-traveled Volvo of Riley and Rutari, which completed 399 laps (one more than last year) and averaged a shade under 60 mph. Other Volvos were second and third, with the Holbert-Andre Saab a solid fourth over-all and first on handicap. A beautifully driven Auto Union 1000 (big sister of the DKW) was fifth. Another Saab, a Fiat 1100, a Puntard, a DKW and another Puntard rounded out the first 10, in that order.

Only four of the 34 starters were not running at the end and, all in all, the field earned high marks for endurance. **END**



RENAULT'S TRIUMPH, a 948-cc., 40-hp. car of unitized construction, bowed in U.S. last winter, ran 18th at Lime Rock.



CITROEN-CHEVROLET COBRA (produces 12 hp from 1,800-cc. engine. Hard-luck entry above ruined dent in shell off race course.



FRANCE'S PUNTARD (practically) up-speed 750-cc. engine developing 20 hp. Entry counting hard here was eighth.

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BONNIE PRUDDEN / *Fitness*

## Chinning for a change

45

**A childhood challenge in a new version  
helps adults achieve all-round fitness**

One of the best ways to replace the body-building advantages of the daily physical chores Americans no longer have to perform is to do chin-ups. Since chinning while hanging from a bar is too difficult at first for many people, the faithful sawhorse does duty again in this week's exercise. Begin doing the horizontal pull-up with a sawhorse, as demonstrated below by Bonnie, and as soon as you have enough strength, move on to a chinning bar. Don't be afraid to show off; chinning is excellent for girls and women as well as boys and men.

Lie on floor under bar. Grasp bar successively with hands on opposite sides, both hands on far and both on near side.

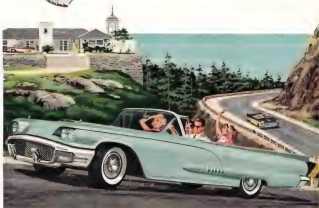


Keeping back on floor, raise your body so that chest is as close to bar as possible. Hold five seconds, let down, repeat.





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SPORT IN ART

# 'The Tennis Player'

COURT TENNIS and the portrait conversation piece were both very much the vogue in 18th century England, and painter Arthur Devis' rendering of the unknown player on the left is as much an example of the one fashion as his subject is of the other. The game, which came to England from France, where it was principally played by kings and members of the court, was a popular pastime with the young bloods of Devis' time. Though it is far less widely played today, court tennis has survived the intervening centuries almost unchanged, a rarity in the world of sports. Devis' young player would probably feel very much at home on any modern court, though he would find that the smaller ball has perhaps made it a slightly faster game. And Devis, too, forgotten until some 20 years ago although a successful portrait painter of his day, would doubtless be gratified to know that the owner of his picture, John Hay Whitney, is himself a practitioner of the game.



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### **TRUE TEMPER.**

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makers of Pro Fit, Rebel, Meteor, Contury and Starliner golf shafts

# On and off the fairways

**Hope of graduation from  
the Brigade stirs eternally  
in the dew sweeper's heart**

When Bob Goalby won the Greensboro Open last April 15th, he not only earned \$2,000 for himself but also graduated from the Buck Private, or Dawn, Brigade. A predominantly youthful and hungry group, the Brigade is composed of the vast, unknown brood who play the professional golf circuit every week with virtually no recognition of their presence. They gain perhaps a little polish, a lot of experience but almost no money whatsoever. There are about 40 permanent members of this not too select circle. Known also as "inhibits" or "colored men" or "dew sweepers" or "plainsclothesmen," they constitute about half of the population of the professional caravan. In becoming a winner at Greensboro, Goalby, while reflecting great credit on the abilities of the Brigade, was automatically shorn of his bottom and ruckus.

Life for these enlisted men is a pretty rigorous affair, calling for a 40-week course of travel which covers some 25,000 miles. The prepping major golfers, like Ford and Middlecoff and Blemann, take the sting out of this arduous program by sometimes hopping from one tournament to the next by airplane and staying at the most comfortable (and therefore most expensive) hotels and motels. The enlisted men, however, not winning nearly enough to meet expenses, must post a sensible and thrifty watch on the budget.

Fairly typical of the living routine followed by most members of the Brigade is that of John McMullin and Jerry Magee, who often travel together. They took from city to city in McMullin's overhugged Ford station wagon, staying at motels where the charge is only \$7 to \$9 a night for two people, and eating where they can get adequate, nourishing food at a reasonable price. In this manner



GOALBY WAS PROMOTED AT GREENSBORO

they manage to keep their weekly costs within the \$130 to \$150 range. This may seem like stylish living to some, but concealed in this over-all figure is the weekly tournament entry fee of from \$20 to \$25, plus radicle fees which will mean an additional weekly outlay of \$25 minimum.

Champion corner-cutter of them all is probably Pete Mauer, a 42-year-old former driving-range instructor from Tonawanda, N.Y., who travels with his wife. Pete has developed the fine art of tour living to the point where it costs the Mauer's only \$40 a week for food and \$18 a week for lodging. Mauer buys a newspaper

as soon as he arrives in a tournament city and makes a quick check of the more attractive "rooms to rent" ads.

Life for 27-year-old Bob Goalby, who used to play quarterback at the University of Illinois and who left a good pre job at Wee Burn only last December to go on the tour, has really undergone very little change. He no longer has to play the agonizing qualifying rounds required for players not previously qualified and which serve to whittle down the large number of entrants in the winter tour and at several summer events. Next year Bob can also obtain a more satisfactory contract with a sporting goods manufacturer. But for the present he still travels with his old crowd, continuing to live the way they do. A fine player, however, Goalby is undoubtedly on the way up to the big time—which is the hope and dream of every Buck Private.

If anything, Goalby's first tournament victory had an unsettling effect on him. "I think I expected too much from myself," says Goalby, who was such an aggressive athlete in high school that he once fouled out of 14 basketball games in a row. "I concentrated too much on scoring and not enough on shooting. As a result, I won money in only two of my first nine tournaments.

"But I regained the touch at Akron, where I finished third," he continues, "and have learned that you can't force good scores and you can't care what the galleries think. After I won at Greensboro, I became so gallery-conscious that I was afraid that if I missed a shot, even in practice, people would ask: 'How did he ever win a tournament?'"

## THE 10 BEST PERFORMERS TO DATE

|                | EVENTS<br>ENDED | 16<br>TOP 10 | 18<br>TOP 5 | EVENTS<br>WON | MONEY<br>WON |              | EVENTS<br>ENDED | 16<br>TOP 10 | 18<br>TOP 5 | EVENTS<br>WON | MONEY<br>WON |
|----------------|-----------------|--------------|-------------|---------------|--------------|--------------|-----------------|--------------|-------------|---------------|--------------|
| ARNOLD PALMER  | 24              | 13           | 8           | 3             | \$28,478     | JAY HERRICK  | 26              | 13           | 7           | 1             | \$23,796     |
| BILLI CASPER   | 23              | 12           | 8           | 3             | \$25,323     | JULIUS BORNE | 26              | 8            | 7           | 1             | \$23,544     |
| KEN VENTURI    | 24              | 14           | 10          | 4             | \$7,845      | ART WALL     | 25              | 14           | 7           | 2             | \$23,047     |
| BOB FOSTERWALD | 25              | 15           | 10          | 1             | \$23,396     | BOB HERRICK  | 25              | 10           | 8           | 0             | \$23,389     |
| TOMMY BOLT     | 25              | 12           | 6           | 2             | \$23,366     | BOB FORD     | 29              | 12           | 4           | 1             | \$23,095     |



ALEX TIMBLER, Lima Golf Club, Lima, Peru

## Tip from the Top

### Staying behind the ball

**T**HE MOST IMPORTANT THING for the average golfer to do, in my opinion, is to stay behind the ball. He has a tendency to move ahead of the ball with the body, and in doing so he develops an outside-in swing which causes such familiar troubles as slicing, shanking, and topping. This is particularly true on the drive, which so many players try to hit with too much power.

Learning to stay behind the ball can be facilitated by a practice exercise in which the player tees the ball somewhat higher than usual. If you can't get hold of extra-long tees, then simply dig the regular tee into the ground the minimum amount necessary to secure it. When the ball is teed up this high, the player must literally swing from the inside out in order to hit it at all solidly. In addressing a ball which is teed higher than usual, the player should set the clubhead about three inches behind the ball, for this will help him to hit through it squarely.

The value of this practice exercise, as you will soon discover, is that it emphasizes the right hitting habits. It forestalls moving the head and upper part of the trunk out of position and ahead of the ball before impact. It militates against a forward sway with the legs and thighs. You will find that, with your body properly behind the ball, you will have less of a tendency to steer the ball and will finish your swing much higher. I think you will also discover that, when you go out on the course after this training exercise, you will repeat this correct hitting action when the ball is teed its normal height.



**NEXT WEEK:** Fred Hawtine on the flexed left leg

"Want me to read for a billiard cue, Jim?"



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*GOLF BALLS*

# On the road with the 'freaks'

The diary of a San Francisco fan who followed his Giants into hostile territory and through a fateful week

Philadelphia, July 26: Temperature 83, humidity 73. This is a day to remember. We won a double-header. And only used two pitchers. One percentage point out of first place. . .

Young Mike McCormick slept late. Bill Rigney had told him the night before that he would start the first game of the makeup double-header with the Phillies. Gomes would go the second. "You two are in," said Rig. "There aren't any more, just you two and the old man [Grisson]. So stick in there." Mike dressed and shaved and walked out into the depressing muggy Philadelphia heat. He looked tentatively up and down 17th Street before heading uptown. Boredom is a baseball player's most troublesome problem on the road. When you are due to pitch it's worse.

Mike decided on a movie—*Kings Go Forth*. This took nine or two hours.

Another hour was spent buying a short-sleeved, lightweight white shirt (McCormick is a compulsive shopper, buys something in each town). Lunch at a baseball players' hangout called the "1614," near the Warwick, took an hour. Between then and game time Mike watched television in his room.

Cornell Mack Stadium was filled—with America's most loathable fans. At Pittsburgh they had something to boo about when the Giants were there (the May riot involving Gomes and Cepeda). In Philly they need no motivation. For volume, technique and pendency their melancholy booing is unsurpassed in either league. It has been told, and it must be true, that the newborn in Philadelphia must learn the word boo before they can go on to more intricate and less dispassionate expressions. Later, too,

they say, a small ring is placed in the child's mouth to form it permanently into a perfect circle for booing. The training culminates with a pre-teenage tryout as Little League fans, then on to Cornell Mack Stadium to join the chorus of discontent.

Mike McCormick went into the ninth inning with a one-run lead. It was obvious in the seventh and eighth that 19-year-old Mike had lost the last one, his only real weapon. And he had to face Ashburn, Herman and Andersen. Mike looked toward the bullpen. Old Man Grissom wasn't up. He got Ashburn on a fly to right, then threw two balls to Solly Herman, both pushed up to the plate. Grissom got up to work and Rigney shot to the mound. "I guess you're through, Mike. You're not throwing the ball, you're aiming it. What's the matter? Tired?" Rigney glanced nervously toward the bullpen, and Mike said: "I'm all right; I'll throw." Rig believed him.

From somewhere down deep the gutty kid drew strength. He lost Herman, but he threw hard to Andersen and Boucher and got them both on harmless flies to the outfield.

Ruben Gomes matched McCormick's win in the second game. You'd have thought it was a World Series victory by the glorious sounds in the Giants' dressing room.

After the game, Ruben Gomes dropped in for a beer at the "1614." The world looked good again to the proud, temperamental Puerto Rican who hadn't won a game for two months and was being used, sparingly, as a middle-inning reliever.

The walls of the small room were covered with pictures of baseball players. Wes Westrum came in. He spotted Ruben, made a circle with his thumb and first finger and said, "Magnificent." Ruben looked highly pleased, raised his beer glass and said, "Salud." He started talking, letting the last two months' troubles come out: "I like to work. Work hard. I don't like to make my living sitting



POSTGAME JUBILATION over a Giant victory is conventionally but palely registered by home run hitting Ashburn, Maya, Fitcher Grissom and Manager Rigney.



MOORE AND PREFERRED ANTIOTE TO KOREAN: MOORE'S SPANISH SPEECH AND BEAVER ALSO STUDY A THEATER BILLBOARD

down. For 11 years I've been pitching — winter and summer. They lost confidence in me. I only start today because it's the second game of a double-header, and there's no one else. Maybe it will be different now."

Cleveland, July 29: The Giants' chartered DC-6 flew over the green Ohio farmland on its way to a three-game series with the Reds. And important games, too; but already the players' minds were on Milwaukee and the four big weekend games. They should tell the story: Were the Giants really making a run for the pennant or would the kids fold, as predicted?

Bill Rigney, outfitted in a gay red sport shirt, sat on the edge of his seat and looked contentedly up and down the aisle. He asked in a voice full of wonderment: "How are you going to beat a team like this? How many games have we won in the last inning — 17? I've never seen anything like it. Everybody thinks we are going to fold, but we keep right on swinging. The team will never quit."

"Who are you going to pitch to right?" someone asked. Rigney pointed up the plane where Stu Miller was playing bridge. "Stu volunteered; he worked six innings on Friday and four on Sunday, but he wants to go. We don't have anyone else."

Miller taunted the Reds with his slow and slower curves and managed to get by with the loss of but three

hits and two runs through the sixth inning. In the seventh, Stu tired and Old Man Grissom came in to relieve. Griss gave up another run and the Giants went into the ninth behind 2-2. Alou and Kirkland fled out. Unaccustomed to the Giants' ninth-inning victories, the fans began to leave. Back in San Francisco, about a quarter of a million Giant fans, listening to Russ Hodges, knew better. Or, at least, they hoped. Willard Schmidt got two strikes past Mays. Protesting the plate on an outside pitch, Willie steered the next one into center for a single. In the 1933 Giant tradition the script now called for Jablonksi to hit a home run. Jabbo did just that. Grissom held in the bottom of the ninth and the Giants were leading the league by one game.

It was also in the new Giant tradition that there should be some private drama in Jablonksi's feat: Jabbo's 3-year-old son was sick in bed back in California. Jabbo had promised, in a phone conversation, to hit a home run for his boy. "I hope he heard it on the radio."

Cleveland, July 30: The Giants haven't beaten Bob Purkey since 1926 and haven't scored on him this season.

Today they scored a moral victory of sorts over Mr. Purkey: they made a run. But Cincinnati scored two and the Giants are again one percentage point behind the Braves.

If there was any good on San Francisco's side of the ledger it was, again, Señor Orlando (The Bull) Cepeda. While the other Giants, and particularly Willie Mays, were pounding Purkey's obscene knuckles into the ground, young Orlando unhesitatingly stroked two doubles to left, on the first of which he scored the Giants' lone run of the game, and of the year, off Cincinnati's 13-game winner. Though he could have made it easy from second to home on the Spencer single, Orlando did. Simply running across the plate is not enough drama, not enough fun. The proud, pishish Puerto Rican converts the park to play ball, and he plays it at all times with an awesome and refreshing gusto.

Cepeda has now hit in 14 straight games, is currently batting .324. His hitting is only half of the truth about the young man whom baseball observers almost unanimously feel will be one of the finest players of this era. For he has two other, more subtle, qualities: he learns fast and doesn't stop learning; and he has a deep-down, driving kind of desire—one too seldom seen today among professional athletes. Not just to make money but to be the best.

Cincinnati, July 31: Looking ahead, they say, is prudent. But on occasion it can be overdone. Take, for example, the San Francisco Giants on

Continued

the last day of July, in Cincinnati. On the bulletin board of the visitors' dressing room at Crosley Field was a short clipping from the New York Times. It was an interview with Mr. Casey Stengel. And though it was somewhat obscured by brevity and, no doubt, by Casey's syntax, it said, in essence, that the Giants had no business being near first place. Stengel used the word *franklin* describing Rigney's eccentric worries.

The players and their manager gathered around the bulletin board growling. Bill Rigney snorted and said: "Franks, huh? I'd like to take this bunch of *franks* right into the Yankee Stadium." But instead of thinking ahead to a World Series, the Giants would have done better to concentrate on Nirdie Tebbets's Cincinnati Redlegs. Ahead 5-0 in the fifth and 5-4 in the eighth, the unpredictable Giants managed to blow this one real good. Only two errors were called: both by Shortstop Spencer and both damaging. But there were numerous other unpardonable skulls which, mercifully, did not get into the official records, there being no recordable penalty, only Rigney's wrath, for inept base running and miscalculated pop flies.

The Giants need no longer look ahead to Milwaukee: the four-game series starts tomorrow night at County Stadium. And by sundown on Sunday it should be clear to all whether Rigney's kids are another Cinderella team or, as Stengel and others have pointed out, a second-division club playing in luck.

**Milwaukee, August 1:** If Willie Mays's singularity was limited to the awesome statistics of his record, or to his pay check, there would be no problem. Unfortunately, Willie also sets himself apart from his teammates off the field. He comes alone, goes to the ball park by himself, goes out socially with nonbaseball friends. This can be irritating, particularly when the star is not performing with distinction. And certainly this is not one of Willie's best years. He hasn't hit a home run since July 2; he hasn't belted in a run in the last 13 games.

Thinkbackground on Willie's on-and-off field behavior serves to point up a little drama which occurred during batting practice before today's opening game with the Braves. Willie was waiting his turn and Darryl Spencer

was hitting fungos to the outfield a few feet away. As Willie moved toward the cage, Spencer's light bat slipped; it flew through the air and caught Mays just above the left knee. Willie dropped to the ground, writhing in pain. Rigney ran over asking anxiously, "What happened, what happened?" and saw his star lying prostrate on the ground. Spencer explained that the bat had slipped. Rigney admonished him for hitting fungos so near the batting cage. Angered, Spencer explained that he had been hitting there for four years and nothing like this had happened before. "What's more," said Spencer, looking down at Mays's stretched-out body, "he's not hurt."

The club doctor came out and Mays hobbled off the field. In the San Francisco dugout a player said, "We almost lost our boy," and another answered: "Yah, but we might pick up an Academy Award for that acting performance."

We go to the ninth inning of the opening game of the series which should decide the National League pennant race. The world champion Braves lead 4-2. Bob Schmidt singles. Flash hitters Speaks and Sauer fly out. Kirkland doubles Schmidt to third. Willie Mays is next. McMahon relieves the tiring Burdette. Throwing nothing but fast balls, McMahon works the count to three and two. Del Crandall gives the signal, and after a long pause McMahon acknowledges it. Then he rears back and throws a beautiful curve ball past Mays. The umpire, the Giant dugout and the 39,542 fans see it split the plate. Willie doesn't. He hits the ground with his bat, stamps his right foot angrily in protest and swears to complain. The umpire is on his way to the dressing room. Mays turns toward the Giant dugout. The players are leaving. The field lights are dimmed and the organ starts playing. Willie walks slowly away, dragging his bat heavily.

**Milwaukee, August 2:** Natty, gum-chewing Leo Durocher leaned against the batting cage at County Stadium and watched the Giants work out. Orlando Cepeda stepped into a fast ball and sent it over the left-field fence. Durocher boomed: "That kid's great. If he doesn't make Rookie of the Year, somebody's just cheating." Mays stepped in. Leo quickly detected a change in Willie's swing: "His hands are too close to his body; he used to carry the bat much further

back." Mays had been bringing the bat back eventually, but he waited until the pitch was delivered, thus hurrying the action and causing a hitch in his swing. So when Willie stepped out of the cage, Durocher explained what he was doing wrong. Willie had been told before—but from Durocher, well, that was different. He listened happily and attentively as the glib Durocher talked.

Bill White, Leon Wagner and Willie Kirkland, the Big left-handers, took their turn in the batting cage, each hitting one ball out of the park. Durocher watched eagerly and enthused: "Great bunch of rookies," looking for all the world like a man who wanted desperately to get back into uniform and take these kids on to a World Series. Somebody will. It's just a question of time. Schmidt catching, McCormick pitching, Cepeda on first, Wagner, Kirkland, White, Mays and Alon in outfield, and Jackie Brandt, soon back from the service, playing somewhere. Average age 23, weight 210. And they can all run.

It's pleasant to look to the future, the more so when the world champion Milwaukee Braves are taking the present away from you. They did this rather decisively Saturday afternoon with a 10-0 win over the bewildered Giants. San Francisco is now three games behind. As Rigney predicted, they won't quit. But the Braves appear to be too much ball club for the youthful Giants this year.

**Milwaukee, August 3:** Bill Rigney's colorful kids came to the end of the line on this beautiful Sunday afternoon. The Braves took both ends of a double-header to make it four straight games over our slumping heroes. The weak hitting of Mr. Willie Mays, coupled with inept relief pitching and a leaky infield, was too great a burden to carry into a decisive series.

How San Francisco fans, who certainly expect a good deal of their remarkable ball team, will feel about today's humiliation in Milwaukee no one knows. But they can certainly take heart for the fact that their beloved Giants were the most sucking team in baseball through July and were the only team in either major league who made a run of it.

The Giants may come back again, though it is extremely doubtful. San Francisco's wonderful dream of a pennant in their first year will have to wait. But not for very long. **END**





CHARLES GOREN / Cards

## Actors should stick to the stage

IT is sometimes my province to criticize a play, but I am rarely called upon to praise or pan the histrionic ability of the players. Just this once, however, I am going to be a drama critic.

Strictly from the standpoint of bridge-table ethics, any actor is a bad actor. Therefore, for those incorrigible devotees of Thespia who cannot be dissuaded from dancing rock and buskin, I commend the dead pan of Buster Keaton rather than the expressive pantomime of Charles Chaplin. The evoker who hopes to gull expert opposition other than once is deluding only himself.

The scene has now been set for East's ill-starred role in the following production. Curtains going up:

You might suspect that only incredible timidity could account for South's rebid of three clubs at his second turn. How could he risk the possibility of being passed

out there with a hand that might easily produce a slam? You would know the answer if you knew East and had heard the dealer of his paces.

East is a ham actor who gives away the show by overacting at every opportunity. With a peer heard, he bids in a cheery voice; but when his paces grow like echoes from the speaker, beware. He's loaded!

South was Leland Feyer, a native of Omaha, Nebraska and a business associate of mine. He knew that North would probably keep the bidding open—but he counted on East's saving the situation even if North passed. Meanwhile, he could let the cautious tempo of the bidding suggest that he was stretching for game.

Given another chance, South chose to contract for game in no trump—a nomination which fails to gain this department's vote. With a heart lead clearly advertised, making the no-trump game hinge on dropping the king of clubs, whereas five clubs breaks home even if a club trick must be lost. However, South was playing to score a killing, and East fell into the trap.

West's lead of the spade 7 assumed that partner's double called for the lead of dummy's suit. Nothing was to be gained by ducking, so declarer ran up with the ace. He took the club finesse and, when the king fell on the second club, East's hand was subject to the torture of having to make no less than six discards.

Having let go all four remaining spades, both hearts and the small diamond, East peeled three hearts and two spades but the final discard stretched him to the breaking point. A diamond would establish North's entire suit; the heart ace would surely promote South's king. East's only hope was that West held the 8 of spades, and he discarded the spade king. But declarer cashed the spade 6, winding up the debacle.

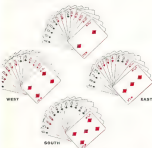
As South asked in all the tricks and recorded 1,560 points on his score, West offered a tongue-in-cheek apology. "Sorry, partner," he said to East, "I could have saved two tricks by leading the 2 of spades instead of the 7. Charge 400 points to my account."

### EXTRA TRICK

East might have suspected that he held too much strength for his own good—especially the club strength that was his greatest infirmity. East could be sure that South would be able to run an indeterminate number of club tricks. He double offered the opponents a chance to exit to four clubs if they were out on a limb, while increasing their profit possibilities if they were willing to gamble it out at no trump.

Neither side vulnerable  
North dealer

NORTH



| NORTH | EAST   | SOUTH      | WEST |
|-------|--------|------------|------|
| 16    | PASS   | 16         | PASS |
| 16    | PASS   | 16         | PASS |
| 16    | PASS   | 2 NO TRUMP | PASS |
| PASS  | DOUBLE | REDOUBLE   | PASS |
| PASS  | PASS   |            |      |

Opening lead: spade 7

## 'We'll win the Gold Cup'

So says Bill Muncy, twice victor in the nation's biggest hydro race, and a man who despises the idea of finishing second

IT'S the year since he won the hydroplane Gold Cup for the second successive year, it has never once occurred to Bill Muncy that he will not make it three in a row. If it did, he would probably go off somewhere to die quietly, because to Muncy the only reason for living is to win. Now, all the drivers entered in the big race August 10 at Seattle, especially the best ones like Freddie Alter and Miro Slovak (opposite), think they are going to win. But Muncy, who will be driving a new *Mira Thriftway*, doesn't think he is going to win. He knows he is going to win, and he is willing to tell anyone who happens to ask him.

"The *Thriftway*'s running perfectly now," he said to a reporter who visited him in his home overlooking the Lake Washington Gold Cup course. "Our crew is the best. We're going to win the race."

In predicting the outcome so certainly, however, he gives precious little credit to Muncy the driver. "A man would be a damn fool to call himself a great driver," he said. "When you're in that boat, you're just part of a chain of elements which decide in the end whether you win, lose, flip, blow up or just go dead in the water. You're just nothing but a piece of protoplasm, subordinate to a mechanical being. I'm no more important to

it than a carburetor or a quill shaft."

The other drivers cannot agree with this unflattering self-evaluation.

"Muncy is the greatest," says his bitter rival Miro Slovak, adding, "Nothing would please me more than to beat him."

Nor do the other drivers agree with Muncy's reasons for racing in the first place: "I don't think there's anybody wants to win worse than I do," Muncy said. "I expect no quarter from anybody and I don't expect anybody to give me any. I'm a great believer in knowing the rules, and I don't expect any deviation from the rules. Another boat alongside or up ahead isn't any particular boat or any particular driver. It's just a thing, and I've got to try to whip it."

While Muncy submitted to this agony of introspection, 2,500 miles away in Detroit, Freddy Alter, the marine engine distributor who pilots *Mira U.S. 1*, happily sipped his beer, chomped a cheeseburger and offered a far more relaxed opinion of what Gold Cup racing is all about.

"Why do we do it?" he repeated the reporter's question. "Why, for the sense of satisfaction, I guess. Or competition. I don't get paid to race. I don't know why I race. I guess nobody who is in hydroplaning knows why he is doing it." While he was



GLAMOR Muncy trains like a prize-fighter, wears analogies who race for fun.

talking, Alter thumbed through a Gold Cup program and came upon a photograph of Muncy surrounded by pretty girls just after the 1957 Gold Cup. "Look at that Muncy," said Alter, an easygoing neared who describes home as the place he washes his socks. "I'd battle him just to get in a picture like that."

Back in Seattle, Miro Slovak, the third man in the trio most experts feel will dominate the race, had entirely different ideas about the dangerous game of hurtling along at 189 mph with a 2,000-hp engine winding up to destruction speed in front, and nothing between you and the brick-hard surface of the water but a highly perishable plywood hull.

"It scares me," he said, "but it is the climax of living." This was quite a statement coming from Slovak, whose life seems to be a series of climaxes, all carried off with an artistic flourish. When, for example, as a young Czechoslovakian Airlines pilot in 1953 he decided to defect from his homeland, he took with him all the passengers—including a handful of howling-mad Communist officials—who happened to be aboard his aircraft at the time. There followed some marvelous cloak-and-dagger doings as the Air Force spirited him away for a year of questioning by the CIA. Once in the U.S., Slovak took a quick course in crop dusting and got a job spraying for Central Aircraft, Inc., a firm in Yakima, Wash.

In the two years since, he has set himself up as one of the most glamorous characters in the Pacific Northwest. He took around town in a flashy Thunderbird—"the picture of a poor refugee," as he laughingly puts it. He skis every weekend in the season, ice skates expertly, water skis as well, and flies gliders when he has the opportunity. He is also busy trying to

NEW "MIRA THIRFTWAY," MUNCY AT THE CONTROLS, WARMS UP FOR THE GOLD CUP



reorganize airplane racing as a sport. And, as a serious patriot, he is trying to form a new "Flying Tiger" group of refugees (and volunteer U.S.) pilots to fight Communists. He has even managed to draw the attention of Congress, which passed a private law granting Slovák, an alien, the right to fly commercial aircraft in the U.S.

No one with a background like this who happens to settle in the hydro-happy state of Washington, could avoid falling in with the Gold Cup crowd. Slovák fell in, rather he jumped with a gallant leap, not having the vaguest idea of how to drive a speedboat, when William Boeing Jr. turned up with a new hydroplane and no driver. Since then, Slovák has had a ball racing around the country, swiftly becoming a first-class driver, but getting his kicks not so much from winning as from the fun of boaring across the water.

It is this spirit of pure amateur deriding-do that rattles the blood of Bill Muncy and has probably done much in the past year to change his friendship for Slovák into a tense personal rivalry. Muncy works as a public relations representative for Associated Grocers which, through its Thriftway stores, owns *Miss Thriftway*. Muncy takes the job seriously, hitting the youth-and-service-club circuit for three or four hundred speeches a year. But he has no illusions about his real function with the company. "Sure," he said, "I really drive boats for them. I know I'm only valuable to them so long as I'm doing it."

As a professional, he goes about preparing for the race with a professional's thoroughness. He runs a mile or so before breakfast every morning, and then purchases a speed bag. "In the days before the race," he said, "I wander around the pits. I make it a point to find out how each driver is feeling, whether he's happy or confident or worried or scared or mad—and I file these ideas away for the race. See, I don't like to do anything casually." Muncy's wife Kit interrupted here with the observation that they had to quit playing canasta together because Bill wanted to win so badly he memorized all the cards. Bill smiled and went on. "If you're going to do something, I think you've got to do your very best. Otherwise everybody's let down, including yourself. I'm a poor loser. When I lose I'm terribly unhappy, because I feel somehow I've failed. I haven't done what

everyone had a right to expect of me."

Actually, losing would mean more than this. As Gold Cup champion in a town that regularly turns out between 200,000 and 500,000 people for the event, the rugged, toghishly handsome Muncy has become a regional hero with local standing—complete with fan mail and autograph hounds—some distance ahead of Mickey Mantle, Foss Parker and Elvin Pressley. In fact, Muncy's popularity even got him a job running a nightly popular music program over station KING, and he is probably the only disc jockey in the country who could keep a tap rating while steadily refusing to play rock 'n' roll.

"I pick all my own records," he explained. "Mostly modern jazz—Brubeck, Shearing and Goodman. When I go on the racing circuit, I phone-transcribe the breaks, giving them a fix on our day's travel, telling of stop-

me fighting a mental block getting back into the new boat after that breakup last year. Hell, I've been in other wrecks. I went all the way down with *Miss General Lister* in 1950. I broke an arm in one, and I've been through two serious explosions and fires. Sure, when the *Thriftway* broke up last year on the Ohio River, I went into the water at 175 mph, and I guess I should have died. But I got knocked out early. Last thing I remember before waking up in the hospital, everything was running perfectly. Well, the point is, you don't have problems like mental blocks if you have a philosophy. I am quite religious. I'm a great believer in predestination. No matter what happens, the good Lord is taking care of me."

There was someone else taking care of Muncy that day on the Ohio River, namely Mira Slovák, who



**CHALLENGERS** Freddie Abernethy of Detroit and Mira Slovák of Seattle, Wash., take more relaxed view of Gold Cup racing, drive boats for laughs as well as for victory.

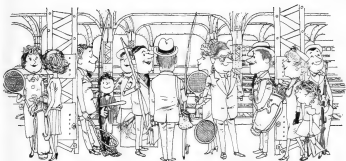
ping for a drink of water in Wild Bill Hickok's old home town. Some little kids follow the *Thriftway* by marking maps, they'll later in 'drink of water,' and all that. You know, I've had a mother call me up and say, 'Mr. Muncy, can you come over and talk with my boy? I can't get him to eat his asparagus.' Don't let anyone tell you hydroplanes haven't got this town a little silly."

Naturally, Muncy hopes the town stays that way, and particularly that it stays pleasantly silly about Muncy. Rather, he is certain things will stay that way. And he is quick to argue with anyone who suggests that last year's near-fatal crack-up, which destroyed the old *Miss Thriftway* and led doctors to warn Muncy he could not take another bad accident, really took anything out of her driver's nerves or ability.

"I got fed up quick," he said, "when people started talking about

stopped his boat and went into the water to fish out his unconscious rival. Muncy, however, was quite out of sympathy with his rescuer, announcing flatly that it was a violation of the rules to jump into the water, and he'd be damned if he'd do the same for Mira or anybody else.

In spite of his personal feelings, Muncy is too shrewd a racer to allow himself to underestimate a rival, even a high-flying amateur. "I don't knock any driver," he said. "You start getting complacent about some guy and the next moment he's out there whipping you." And from the way he talked, it was quite evident that Muncy, admittedly or not, expected his toughest run from Slovák, with Freddie Abernethy not far away. "But," he concluded, "if you pick probable winners, you've got to take in equipment and crew. Here I can't be objective. I've got the best. We'll win it. We'll win the Gold Cup."



EVERBLY ANTIPTYPING DEIGHTS OF SUBURBAN SPORTS, CITY DWELLERS, EQUIPMENT-LASHN, ENRAGE, ON THEIR DRIGHT DREAM

# The Playing Fields

**The best-selling author of 'The Enemy Camp' turns his pen on the joys of country living, with some startling results**

by **JEROME WEIDMAN**

THE CITY may be likened to a great vessel with many watertight compartments, each one separated from all the rest by bulkheads through whose carefully sealed doors a man need never pass except by an act of his own volition. This is a good thing. If a city man has friends, for example, who are crazy about squash, he need never see them indulge their hobby because they have to do it in a carefully circumscribed place, a building with walls from which the city-dwelling sportsman can stay away as easily, and with the same freedom from the risk of being tempted to participate, as a man can stay away from plays about degenerate southern sharecroppers. All he has to do is not go.

In the suburbs, however, there are no bulkheads with carefully sealed doors. Life in the country is an unbuttoned business. Everything is done out in the open, in full view of a man's neighbors as well as his God, from shoot shooting to lawn mowing, from ice skating to berry picking, from swimming to, on occasion, making love. It is not a matter of keeping up with the Joneses. It is a matter of seeing Jones at play and being struck by the inevitable thought that perhaps you, too, could have the fun he seems to be having.

This simple illusion is probably responsible for the making of more country dwellers than the ride-it-drive-it garden tractor, the open-air Martini and the backyard swimming

pool combined. And what happens?

The other day, on the station platform where we were both waiting for the 8:10 to New York, I ran into a man named Smith. Smith and I have very little in common, but this very little adds up to a bond that makes the relationship between Huckle and Abilard look like that of a couple who once passed each other in a revolving door: Smith's son is shortstop on the Little League team for which my son plays second base.

Sticking to the unwritten rules of the commuter's game, which are as firm about not starting conversations at that hour of the morning as Hople is about the inadvisability of trying to fill an inside straight, I nodded, mumbled an inaudible greeting and moved on. Smith broke the rules. He stopped me.

"I'm sorry to intrude upon your thoughts," he said. "But in case you hear of anybody who wants to buy a place in the country, would you mind giving me a ring? We've got the house



TOYING THE TOWN AND TOWNIES OF SUMMER'S PLEASURES, DILLINGER'S SPORTS DEVOTEES HEAD HAIRY BACK TO CITY COMFORTS

## of Eden

liated with the real estate brokers, but I'm trying to spread the word around among friends as well, because we're anxious to get back to New York as quickly as possible."

I stared at Smith uneasily. I knew, of course, that the Beardses were not doing well this season. I knew also that Smith believed strongly the team's slump was due to the fact that the manager had moved young Smith from first base to shortstop. But even if he was right, it still seemed to me an inadequate reason for driving a man to the drastic measures Smith was adopting.

**E**IGHT in the morning is no hour to hear a repetition of any parent's complaints about the mismanagement of the fragment of Little League in which his family's honor is being trampled in the dust, but the rules of the computer's game are inflexible. I had been addressed on the station platforms. Only two courses were open to me. I could instruct the

man who had addressed me to have his seconds meet mine for the conference about choice of weapons, or I could reply. Since I am a trifle awkward with an iPad, I said dutifully: "Why are you selling your house and returning to the city?"

"I want to get back to playing tennis," said Smith.

The uneasiness with which I had been staring at Smith changed to astonishment. I remembered distinctly that several years ago, when we had met at our first Little League parents' get-together, Smith had volunteered the information that he had moved into our midst from New York because his wife had developed an allergy to root and, besides, they both wanted their kids to grow up in a place where they could put down roots. A little later, after the drinks had been served, Smith had added with a guilty grin that, leaving aside his wife's allergy and his kids' roots, he was enchanted with the move because, while he made his living as an air-conditioning engineer, what he really lived for was tennis, and it seemed to reason that out here in the country he'd be able to spend a lot more time on the courts than he managed to in New York.

Now, several years later, I wanted

to ask him why it hadn't worked out that way, but at that moment the 8:10, which had been late for two weeks, came in on the button, and in the scramble for seats I lost track of Smith.

This was just as well. I really knew why. No matter what had stood to reason in the city, it had not worked out that way in the country. It was a problem with which I had become familiar.

As a city-bred citizen I had never given myself a chance to have fun at any sport. When I moved to the suburbs I thought, therefore, that it would be nice to make a change from the sedentary state in which I had spent the first three decades of my life to something more active.

Not being a very imaginative person, my mind turned to the obvious choices: tennis and golf. I soon discovered that the suburban resident's choice of a sport does not depend on his imagination. It depends on his neighbors.

I will never know whether I have the makings of a tennis player because, even though I have lived one-fourth of my life in a community as wedded with tennis courts as Roy Rogers' gun belt is wedded with

*continued*

## Playing Fields *continued*

hammered silver railheads, I have never got lost on one of them. My neighbor, you see, is a yachtsman.

The suburban yachtsman, bent on recruiting up a crew to help him indulge his passion, is as relentless, devoted, ruthless, single-minded and, I repeat to report, successful as was the British navy when it pitched into the War of 1812 by impressing American seamen.

There have been summer days during the past dozen years when I have posted my children at the foot of our driveway with instructions to tell all visitors that the house has been quarantined because its head is down with scarlet fever. There have been cloudless Saturdays, perfect for tennis, when my wife, taking the inevitable early-morning phone call, has advised my neighbor that I will not be available because this is the day on which the doctor comes to give me my regular weekly rubdown with chondrogon oil. There have been blustery fall days when I have resorted to hiding in the cellar. All to no avail.

By 11 o'clock on every one of those mornings I have found myself somewhere on Long Island Sound, reopening all of last week's unhealed blisters by hauling on ropes as thick as copperheads that are supposed to hoist what looks like half a circus tent to the top of the jigger mast which, I always have to be told again, is fixed shaft the rudder post, which, nobody has to tell me, was purchased as scrap from the owners of the Empire State Building when they decided to dispose of their original zeppelin mooring mast to make way for a TV antenna.

Not all suburban yachtsmen, of course, are as addicted to the hard sell as my neighbor, but I have yet to meet one who is less devoted. There are those who, taking a lesson from the wolf in *Little Red Riding Hood*, have learned the advantage of wearing anything but ship's clothing. A few years ago, during the early-fall hurricane season, my wife and I were dining at the home of a friend who had moved to the suburbs because his sport is archery. Our friendship had survived because a man who loves bows and arrows doesn't really want anybody to help him. All he wants is somebody to watch him, and few things are more pleasant than to sit on a terrace, safely belted such a

man, sipping his excellent highball (man who want an audience always provide good whisky) and making an occasional remark about William Tell as you watch your host twanging away at a helpless target down at the foot of the garden. The other guest at this particular party was a summer center named Perry.

From these fragments of the conversation that were not devoted to speculation about how soon Hazel would hit our town and whether she would do as much damage as Hurricane Edna had done, I gathered that Mr. Perry was also interested in archery. He talked knowledgeably about the way the longbow at Crley revolutionized modern warfare, dismissed Robin Hood as a fraud whose merry men actually supplied their table from peacocks' farms, and even told the traditional jokes about William Tell. All in all, it was a pleasant evening, perhaps because Hazel's ominous rising winds sent us all home at a reasonable hour to fasten storm windows. So that in the morning, while the house rattled frightfully and the trees on the lawn looked like members of a beginner's calisthenics class trying to touch their toes while being doused with a fireman's hose, there was no hanger to contend with. I was sitting comfortably in front of the fire, congratulating myself on my foresight in putting on the new roof, when the phone rang.

"It's for you," my wife said. "Mr. Perry."

"Who?"



"MR. HILLARY ON DECENT STREET"

"Mr. Perry," my wife said. "That nice man we met at dinner last night who said that before Russell immortalized William Tell in an opera they should have had his son's head examined."

"What does he want?" I said.

"Why don't you ask him?" my wife said.

I did, and learned to my astonishment that Mr. Perry wanted me to go down to the beach with him to have a look at what Hazel was doing to the shore front. I suggested politely that this was something I would much rather read about in the papers when it was all over. Mr. Perry declared this point of view. The elements unleashed in all their fury were a spectacle, he said, that no man had a right to miss. I told him a trifle coldly that it was a right I intended nonetheless to exercise. Mr. Perry, whose insistence was as puzzling as it was annoying, refused to accept this as a serious reflection of my true attitude. He was not going to allow me, he said, to miss something that he knew would send my spirits soaring to the heights touched by Sir Edmund Hillary when at long last he set foot on the crest of Everest.

"Well," I said wearily as, turning to the window with the phone, I looked out on the slashing rain and howling wind, "I don't own a raincoat."

"I have an extra," said Mr. Perry. "I'll bring it when I come to pick you up in my car. I'll be there in 10 minutes."

He was there in five, with two sets of slacks and hip boots that had clearly been fished from the wardrobe used during the filming of *Captain Corcoran*. Driving down the shore road, he kept up a stream of lively chatter, not a word of which I heard because of the wind. The driving, I noticed with some discomfort, was not as difficult as I had thought it would be, but the reason was far from reassuring: Mr. Perry's car was the only one on the road. With some relief I noticed that a policeman was posted at the statue of the Minute-man—a local landmark of which our town is extremely proud—where the shore road forks, with one line leading out to the yacht club and beach area. I saw with even more relief that the policeman was waving us back.

"He wants you to stop and turn back," I yelled above the wind.

"I know!" Mr. Perry roared, and stepped on the gas.

When we reached the policeman, who looked understandably furious, Mr. Perry stopped the car, rolled down the window and leaned out into the rain to shout something at the man in uniform. Astonished, I saw the policeman's fury vanish. Even more astonished, I saw him wave us on. Mr. Perry rolled up the window, trumped down on the gas and sent the car chugging through the rising waters. By what seemed to me a combination of completely undeserved good luck and surprisingly good driving, we managed to reach the parking lot behind the yacht club. It was covered with a mere four or five inches of water. Clambering out of the car behind Mr. Perry, I felt for the first time the full fury of the wind and rain, which caught me in the face. In 10 seconds flat we were both as soaked as sponge fishermen at work.

"Holy smoke!" Mr. Perry shouted suddenly as we reached the yacht basin and faced the churning seas, "look at that boat!"

I followed his pointing finger and saw a neat little 16- or 20-footer—even in bright sunlight and a fat calm I would not have been able to estimate its correct dimensions—slowly but inexorably slipping her mooring. In a matter of minutes, obviously, the slide would begin to pound her back and forth against her neighbors on either side, like the clapper of a bell.

"Those three boats are gone!" I yelled.

"No, they're not!" Mr. Perry believed. "Here, grab this!"

Before I knew what was happening, I had seized the rope he handed me and, like a Volga boatman in a painting of the pre-Turgenev era, I was hauling in the slack. To say it was hard would be to describe the job Hercules did on the Argonauts as a bit of a strain. To say I knew what I was doing, or why, would be as close to an outright lie as this admiral of George Washington ever permits himself to go.

Slowly but surely, however, the rope came in. And slowly but surely, as it grew taut, the small boat's wild pendulumlike swings from side to side narrowed down to a more controlled swaying within a greatly reduced arc. Not so slowly, and with a skill that was surprising in a man

*continued*

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## Playing Fields *continued*

whose sport was archery, the 120-pound Mr. Perry disposed of the black I hauled in by winding it on a small drum with a geared handle attached to the mooring post. He accompanied his dolt and effortless movements with little yelps of admiring ecstasy. When it was all over, when Mr. Perry's cheers and my rambles had clearly saved the boat, I was aware of a curious sensation. It was probably some distance from the emotion that surged through Sir Edmund when he finally stood upright on the roof of the world, but I think it was undoubtedly—*if* a metaphor, instead of being mixed, may be cranked into a fresh—out from the same belt of cloth. It was immediately followed by what was unmistakably a severe shooting pain in the small of my back.

"What a job!" Mr. Perry roared as he put his entire 120 pounds into the congratulatory which he deposited squarely in the center of my brand-new pain. "I don't know how to thank you!"

"Don't try!" I managed to gasp. "Just get me home!"

Three days later, when the doctor said it was probably safe for me to get out of bed, it occurred to me that Mr. Perry's last remark had been rather odd. A phone call to my archery-loving host, at whose table I had met Mr. Perry, cleared up the mystery. Mr. Perry, with his knowledgeable talk about Robin Hood and his jokes about William Tell, had merely been posing as an archery enthusiast. The boat was, or rather I, had saved from the fury of Hazel was registered in the name of Seton L. Perry II.

**N**OT ALL suburbanites, of course, fall into the clutches of a Mr. Perry, but few, if any, are ever completely free from the danger. The man who moves from the city to the country and expects to remain immune from the infections of the world of sports is living in the same fool's paradise inhabited by the man who journeys to Mexico and expects never to be served a piece of halibut. If he doesn't scorch, his wife will. Life in the suburbs brings out in even the most fragile and willowy women an Amazonian streak that places no great strain on hitherto spectacularly successful marriages that the task of repairing the damage before the plane tickets for Reno are purchased would

tax even the awesome talents of Dr. Norman Vincent Peale.

I know a couple named Clark who dived for half a dozen years in blimp-harmony on East 81 Street. Then they moved to the suburbs and Mrs. Clark discovered that life in the suburbs is different.

On East 81 Street sports, for instance, to Mrs. Clark had been something Mr. Clark at regular intervals did or talked about with the "boys": a fight at the Garden, during which she remained at home and washed her hair; a discussion about Mantle's chances of beating the Babe's home run record, during which she emptied the ashtrays and wondered if she could sneak that adorable little number at Rose's out of this month's household money; a four-day fishing trip, during which she took the children to mother's for a nice visit. In the suburbs Mrs. Clark discovered that sports was something that not only her husband but she, too, could do—and how.

At her first croquet game in the suburbs, which also happened to be the first croquet game she ever played, and at which I happened to be present, she made Mr. Clark—who outweighs his delicately constructed spouse by 85 pounds, towers nine inches above her cute page-boy bob, and played not only football at Hotchkiss but water polo at Yale—look like Gertrude Mosses trying to roll William Beebe's bathysphere through Gimble's basement during an August white sale.

Then, as I have stated, was a happy marriage of some duration, and I have no doubt that it would have survived this isolated incident. Unfortunately, it did not remain isolated. Mrs. Clark, who in the city had limited herself to feeling fabrics at Lord & Taylor, in the suburbs began to feel her oats. Or rather, her muscles. She took to croquet the way a Morgan partner takes to long-term debentures. The step from croquet to trout fishing may not seem an obvious one. Perhaps that is why Mrs. Clark, being a woman, took it. At first, when she went off during the season to cast her flies upon the waters of our several local streams, Mr. Clark was content to stay at home and baby-sit. After all, during the trout season a man can always find a good baseball game on TV. Besides, he was pretty weary from playing all that croquet and being beaten by the little woman as regularly and thor-

oughly as an eggman. And finally—he thought it was finally—Mrs. Clark proved to possess what might be described as a scaly thumb; she always came home with her creel as full that the Clarks' meat bill dropped almost as low as Bernard Shaw's. Unfortunately, word of Mrs. Clark's prowess soon began to get about, and her husband found himself the butt of a series of not very well-bested but nonetheless cutting jokes on the station platform. Finally, and this time it was finally, Clark made the mistake that other men whose pride has been pinked have made before him: he decided to show his suburban neighbors that he was just as good a fatherman as his wife. He wasn't.

After the divorce he moved back to East 81 Street, where he is as happy as an anopheles mosquito in a mud-colored colony, playing nothing more strenuous than poker and when I had seen



"MOROSE TALKS TO MISS MARRIS..."

of him last he was courting a girl with hay fever.

Clark's case might be considered an extreme one; those of his sporting prowess as Samson was depleted in his horsepower when Delilah wielded her scissors, he took a powder back to town. Others, however, may be seen to abandon their sporting loves for the very good reason that their loves take a powder on them. In my own town, for example, I know a group of extremely pleasant people who bathe remounting but put up with it cheerfully for 12 months of the year because for almost six, and particularly the summer months, they are able to play tennis regularly on the court of a close friend and neighbor, a wealthy and generous man who shares their passion. It is a closely knit group, as closely knit, in fact, that like members of a happy family who never



pause to examine the ties that bind them, it never occurred to these happy people to wonder, much less to question, what it is that holds them together. This spring they found out.

The owner of the court, who in the past has always done his traveling in the winter, has this year been forced for business reasons to take his family to Europe for the summer and, for tax reasons, to rent his home for the months of June, July and August. The tenants are a South American family with a passion for privacy rather than for tennis or tennis-playing neighbors. I will not say that this unavoidable move on the part of the generous man who owns the court around which this closely knit group has for years built its almost communal life has been contrived by his tennis-playing brothers and sisters as a deliberate act of wanton malice directed against their happiness. For several weeks, however, if you opened a window in any part of our town on a quiet night when the wind was right, you could hear the angry, resentful mutterings of this closely knit group in which the crucial stitch, so to speak, had been dropped.

Fortunately—not only because the main around whom this group was built is the soul of generosity but also because it happens to possess a fortune—this incident has a happy ending: he has invited all the members of the group, wives and children included, to be his guests for a two-week, all-expenses-paid, tennis-playing holiday in July at the huge villa he has taken for the summer at Juan-les-Pins.

Not all suburbs, of course, are blessed with a resident of such means as well as financial dimensions, but all are plagued by a sporting problem that lies dormant during the winter months and rises, like allergy hives, to the community's thick-skinned surface with the advent of hot weather. The great lure around which is built that newest school of romantic fiction known as the suburban real estate development ad is not the low tax rate, the accessibility to commuting trains or the easily tended vegetable plot that will reduce the family's food bill to no less a figure than in a few years the house will, as the implausible phrase goes, pay for itself. The great lure in this latter-day version of the fairy tale is the swimming pool.

Swimming is, of course, the only sport in which a participant with

imaginative pores need have no fear of offending; the cleaning process is built into the sport itself. It would be an exaggeration to say that I was drawn from the city to my particular splinter of Suburbia by the pictures of its many pools in the real estate ads, or the fact that the town stretches right up to the very edge of a lovely beach on Long Island Sound. But I am a child of my century, and I don't want to be half safe, so the abundance of, and proximity to, water helped mold my decision. My two young sons soon started to unroll it for me.

**T**HEN, TOO, love water. But soon after the first mortgage payment was mailed to the bank, I made one of those astonishing discoveries that husbands and parents are constantly making about the members of their own families: my children like fresh water, not salt! And the nearest pool—a magnificent affair with cute little green-and-white cabanas on the lawn at its side, uniformed waiters to bring the young swimmers hot dogs and Cokes between dips, and portable telephones for parents who like to keep in touch with the market while basking in the sun as they watch their offspring at play—belonged to the country club up the road from our house.

My sons pointed out that if we belonged to the club they would not have to depend on me or my wife to taxi them down to the beach every time they wanted a swim; they could just walk to the club; we would not have to be plagued by the nuisance of preparing box lunches for them to take along to the beach; they could just order a hot dog and a Coke right there at the pool; I wouldn't have to keep dashing home from the beach to see if any important calls had come in for me, I could just signal to one of those uniformed waiters to bring me a portable phone; and, after all, Dad, what's the point of moving out to the suburbs where we can get all the healthy swimming we want, if what we are forced to take in the kind of swimming we don't want?

I joined the club.

It was simple enough. Just a matter of buying several thousand dollars' worth of joint ownership bonds, paying the first annual membership fee and then stepping aside to watch myself cascade down into bankruptcy just about as rapidly as Ivar Kreuger

when the cigarette lighter was invented.

It wasn't merely that all those hot dogs cost \$3½ a buck and three Cokes went at a quarter a gulp. No, it was not merely that. It was also the fact that daddy—making his calls from the side of the pool so he wouldn't miss a moment of the pleasure to be derived from watching his two bottomless gluttons eat their way through a daily dose of frankfurters that would have fed Napoleon's army all the way back from Moscow—kept running up telephone bills that charged A.T.&T. exorbitant from a blue chip to an indigo plank. Daddy, an admirer of Alexander, handled that particular Gordian knot in traditional fashion. My boys now like salt water.

So does my friend Harris, though for different reasons.

Harris is a gynecologist, one of the most distinguished and successful in America, who moved from Park Avenue to the suburbs to get away for a few hours each day from the lucrative but exhausting importunities of women with real or imagined plumbing difficulties. After a long, hard day and a steaming ride from Grand Central on the only short-line railroad in America that synchronizes the air-conditioning of its commuter coaches with those months when cysters are in season, the one thing that revives my friend Harris is a dip. And soon after he moved to our town, Dr. Harris put in a pool.

This innocent phrase, which sounds as harmless as putting in some tulip bulbs, is loaded with social dynamite. The family with a pool in Suburbia is in a position not unlike that of a family with an entire roller-coaster circus in Lapland, the difference being that the neighbors of the latter, after hocking off their chances of reindeer meat, can take it home to be eaten. The neighbors of the former must share his bounty on the pool-owner's premises. Also, while there probably are married couples in Lapland who have no interest in, or are incapable of, reproducing their species, there are none such in Suburbia, where almost all families have children and most have many. All the families in Dr. Harris' neighborhood have many.

There are people in our town who say Mrs. Harris could have been tougher about it, but these are all people, I have noticed, who do not own swimming pools. Mrs. Harris is, after all, a woman, which means she must

continued



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## Playing Fields *continued*

have someone to talk to. The owner of a pool in Suburbia who won't invite the local children in for a swim on a hot summer day—when everybody who doesn't already know can learn it soon enough, merely by driving past the house, that the pool is never used until Dr. Harris comes home from the city late in the afternoon—will soon have less people to talk to than Edmund Harris had when he was holed up in the Château d'Iff. And ordering a score of happily converting children out of a pool in order to make room for A Grover Man is an exercise in toughness before which even Sergeant Quirt would have quailed.

**T**HE HARRIS handled it rather well. First, there was a series of phone calls by Mrs. Harris to her neighbors, explaining that the pool couldn't be used for a few days because a mysterious fungus had begun to appear on the cement sides and it was being drained to locate the source of this possibly dangerous growth. After the pool was drained, there was another series of phone calls explaining that the workmen had discovered a number of puzzling cracks in the bottom, which seemed to indicate, although Mrs. Harris hoped they were wrong, that the land was being eroded rapidly by an underground stream which made the pool a potential death trap to all users. The third series of phone calls conveyed the dismal news that Mrs. Harris' hopes were in vain: the ground was indeed being undermined, and the pool would have to be filled in.

It was, and Dr. Harris is now taking his dips at the beach. But it can't be long before he returns to the city as well: nobody wants to come right out and say the Harrises filled in their pool because they are a couple of stuck-up old meanies who hate to see kids having fun, but almost everybody in the neighborhood has stopped talking to Mrs. Harris. What is even more significant, I've noticed that Mrs. Harris has started talking to Mrs. Smith, the wife of the man I ran into on the station platform at the beginning of these notes.

What they are talking about is extremely interesting. To me, at any rate. I, too, have just discovered that finding an apartment in town these days is going to take quite some considerable doing.

LEWIS



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#### 18TH HOLE continued

"We'd do sure, I would the blood of an Englishman; he be alive or be he dead, I'll break his bones to make my bread." Well, I don't think we feel exactly that way about the Englishmen who are going to sail their Skipter in the forthcoming America's Cup races here in September. You can't help but admire the sportsmanship of the Britishers all through the frustrating years and their spirit of keeping everything at it. It isn't their fault if we know how to make faster boats or know how to sail 'em better. Evidently they've got a pretty fast boat themselves in Skipter. I'd be a bit surprised if she won, but if she does I certainly shan't go into any halfhearted routine over the matter.

The half-breed Methodist parson, who apparently plays an excellent game of golf, refused to go AWOL from church to play in the last phase of a golf tournament which he probably could have won. But he made up for it in part by preaching a sermon on golf and the Scriptures, in which golf made a pretty good showing. But he failed today anything about taking the Lord's name in vain even on a golf course. He may have come to the conclusion that there are some things better left unsaid.

KENNETH R. PLATT

San Antonio

#### SHARK REVEALED

Size:

I thank you for that wonderful article on the swordfish (SI, July 24).

I am especially interested in swordfishing. My father and I have been trying our hardest to land one for seven years. My father has hooked three, all off Santa Catalina Island, but we have still to land one. I am not bragging, but any fisherman who can net a hook in a breadbill has a lot of fishing skill.

ALLAN FINKENTON

Ventura, Calif.

Size:

The late Sir William E. S. Tyler and George W. Gandy between them hold the world's breadbill record for a good many years, with fish caught off Tongata, Chile. One of Tyler's prized possessions was a small breadbill swordfish, not over three inches long. This was stuck in the mouth of a sword-bill swordfish, near his mouth, and was removed when the fish was captured. It was a normal record, corresponding in all its proportions to the large ones found on adult fish, and seemed to indicate that a breadbill attains its mature form when it is of an extremely small size. This does not check out with the assumption made in Mr. Linne Weaver's excellent and interesting article.

G. F. COORS

Carlsbad, N. Mex.

On the relatively sketchy evidence gathered so far by ichthyologists, the most warranted assumption is that the swordfish does not assume his mature form until he has grown to between four and six feet. However, it is

not inconceivable that some maturational differences could exist among geographical areas.—ED.

Size:

On a recent visit to Managua I was told that when Lake Nicaragua became landlocked from the Pacific Ocean thousands of years ago the swordfish and sharks adapted themselves through generations to the fresh water. Both varieties are reputedly vicious but somewhat stupid, making for very little hunting or swimming in the inland lake.

Incidentally, a unique sport is practiced by a few plantation owners. They have two platforms near the mouth of the Tipitapa River which overhang the water, and after darkening with a little bloody meat they use revolvers for shooting the sharks. It takes a great deal of skill to correct for the angle of refraction.

Perhaps Mr. Linne Weaver has some information on swordfishing there.

R. HAROLD HENNINGSEN

Chicago

There are indeed man-eating sharks in the fresh water of Lake Nicaragua but no species likely to have evolved from the swordfish. The shark belongs to a more primitive family (Cetorhynchiformes), or cartilaginous fish without bony structure, and has great ability to adapt itself to a variety of environments.—ED.

#### THOMAS REVEALED

Size:

Congratulations to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED for being the first nationally published magazine to devote a full-sized article to one of the greatest raps in professional baseball today, Frank Thomas (SI, July 24).

I have known Frank personally for nearly three years. In that time I can truthfully say that he has never let anyone down. I remember vividly an incident last summer where he and his wife had dinner with a friend and me instead of going to a parade with some of his teammates. Of course, he got a free ride, but the fellows who went to the parade got \$40 each. That meant a lot to me.

RUTH THOMAS  
secretary

Pittsburgh

Size:

I used to think that you were against Pittsburgh. Thank you for the story and for proving me wrong.

DAVID E. COCHRAN

Glenn Dale, Va.

Size:

Kay Tarrill does an outstanding job. I read his articles last to see how he is going to express himself. The recent one on Frank Thomas was excellent. I imagine Thomas is a similar type of person to Gene Little, the pitcher. Actually, they look a lot alike.

Dr. CLARE HENDRICKS JR.  
West Hartford, Conn.

See:

In Yankee Stadium the other night the Boston Red Sox were beating the Yankees 4-3 in the 11th inning when they were struck down at 11:59 p.m. by the New York State curfew law. The game was stopped, the score returned to what it had been at the end of the 10th (a 3-3 tie) and it became necessary to play the whole thing over from the start at a later date. I'd like to know more about a law that allows this foolishness to happen.

ALLAN DANIELS

#### New York City

■ All this happened because a law was passed in 1919 not to forbid, but to allow, baseball to be played on Sunday. It was called the Sunday Baseball Bill and the arguments for and against it were hot ones back in March 1919, just four months after the end of the first World War. According to the papers of the day, "baseball enthusiasts, labor representatives and diamond stars back from battling the Hun" turned up in Albany to speak a good word for baseball. "I ask you to pass this bill," pleaded one orator, "in memory of the man who will never get back to the diamond, the man who have made the Great Home Run."

The opposition played on patriotic themes, too, claiming that "Sunday baseball means the Germanization of the United States." This was a somewhat slanted reference to the fact that Sundays in Europe, including Germany, were not so much days of rest as holidays, when people liked, looted, played games and in general had a pleasant time.

The law made baseball legal only after 2 p.m. on Sunday, giving everybody time to get home from church, have a big dinner and take the trolley to the ball park. Since the first night game was still 20 years away, nobody foresaw that extra innings on Saturday night might spill over into the early minutes of Sunday morning. All this explains why, 20 years later, the Red Sox lost their two 11th-inning runs and on Sunday will have to play over again from the start a game they almost certainly would have won. Similar laws are on the books in Boston, Baltimore and Philadelphia: no baseball after 11:59 p.m. on Saturdays. The trend to Saturday night baseball continues, but nobody expects the laws to be changed. Recently, in a belated act of common sense, the American League changed its rule to match the one already in effect in the National League (the Pirates and Phillies also have a 4:59 p.m. Sunday curfew to live with). Hereafter, games interrupted by curfew will carry on, first chance, from the point of interruption. But that Red Sox-Yankee game—nope, all over again.—ED.

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## Pat on the Back



**WALTER ISBRANDTSEN**

### *'At least make the kids safe'*

Walter Isbrandtsen, shown here with his wife Evelyn and children, has spent his life devoted to ships and the sea. As vice-president of the family-owned Isbrandtsen shipping company, his daily concern is the operation of 65 merchantmen scattered over the world. As founder of the Fair Haven, N.J. River Rats, his spare-time concern is the boating interest (and boating safety) of youngsters in his own community.

The upshot of a Fair Haven recreation survey that recognized the potential of the nearby Rumson River, the River Rats were organized by Isbrandtsen three

years ago. Since then, some 250 parents and children have joined the club and learned sailing from Master Mariner Isbrandtsen. And, under the eye of Shipbuilder Isbrandtsen, many families have constructed their own sailboats and rowboats, frequently in his spacious backyard. Instruction in seamanship and swimming lessons are also available to the Rats.

To Walter Isbrandtsen the need for the club is as clear as the Rumson is murky.

"If you can't make the river safe for the kids," he says, "at least you can make the kids safe for the river."



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